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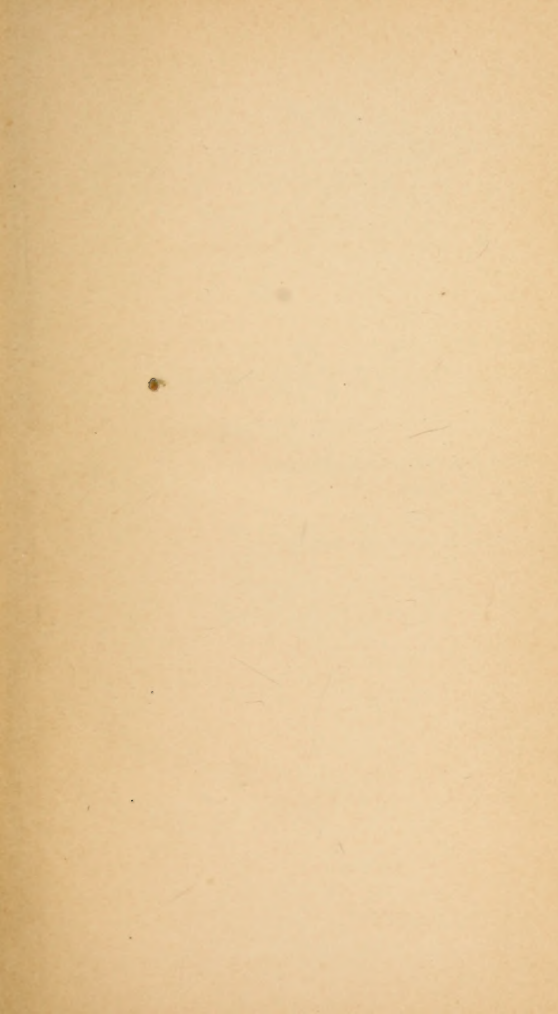
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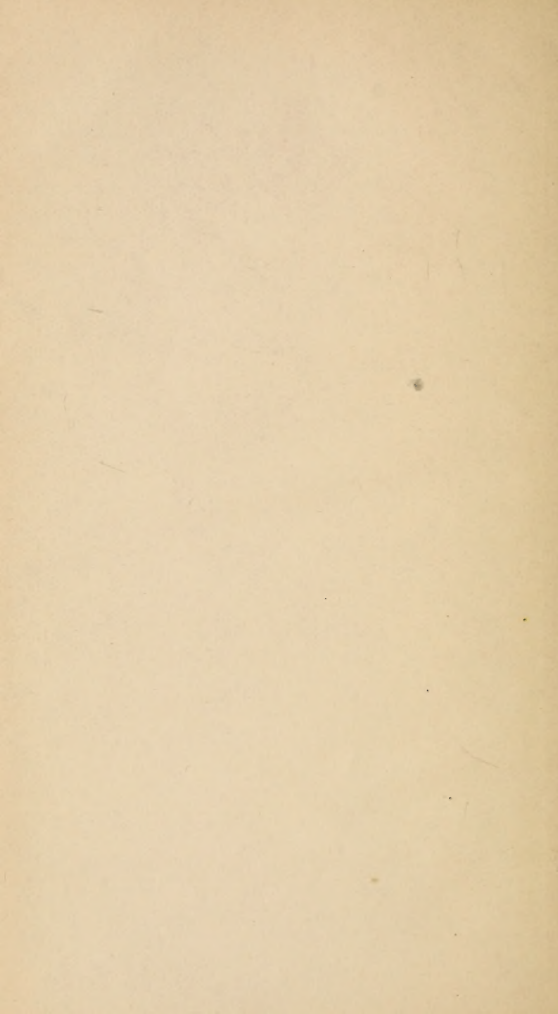
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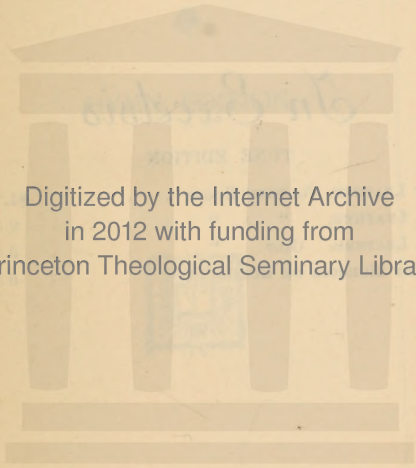
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HYMN EDITION



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NOTE

This collection is intended to accompany one of larger size containing tunes as well as hymns, and with full indexes giving all necessary information.

THE CENTURY Co.

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1

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. Ken.

2

L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. Kethe.

3

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !
 Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I. Watts.

4

8s, 7s. 8l.

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
 Lord, we offer unto Thee ;
 Young and old Thy praise confessing,
 In glad homage bend the knee.
 As the saints in heav'n adore Thee,
 We would bow before Thy throne ;
 As thine angels serve before Thee,
 So on earth Thy will be done.

E. Osler.

5

8s, 7s. 8l.

CROWN His head with endless blessing,
 Who, in God the Father's name,
 With compassion never ceasing,
 Comes salvation to proclaim.
 Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee,
 Thee, our Saviour, Thee, our God ;
 From Thy throne Thy beams of glory
 Shine through all the world abroad.

- 2 Jesus, Thee our Saviour healing,
 Thee our God in praise we own ;
 Highest honors, never failing,
 Rise eternal round Thy throne.

Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore ;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

W. Goode.

6

7s.8l.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace !

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High !
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heav'nly Father's breast !
Like the wand'ring dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls ! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length ;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin ;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place ;

Sun and shield alike Thou art,
 Guide and guard my erring heart ;
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,
 Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me !
H. F. Lyte.

7

10,10,11,11.

- Oh, worship the King all-glorious above ;
 Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love ;
 Our shield and defender, the Ancient of
 Days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
 praise.
- 2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace !
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy,
 space.
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
 clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the
 storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
 Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless
 decree,
 And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the
 sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the
 plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
 Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the
 end !
 Our maker, defender, Redeemer, and friend !

6 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their
 lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.
R. Grant.

8 10,10,11,11

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad His wonderful name ;
 The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
 His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
 And still He is nigh — His presence we have ;
 The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 “ Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne,”
 Let all cry aloud and honor the Son :
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,
 All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing for infinite Love.
C. Wesley.

9 P. M. (11,12,12,10, Irregular)

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 Early in the morning our song shall rise
 to Thee ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around
 the glassy sea,

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see,
Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside
Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in
earth, and sky, and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !
R. Heber.

10 L. M., with Refrain (8,8,8,8,4,7)

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heav'n, Hosanna sing !
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

2 Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
R. Heber.

11

8s. 7s. 8l.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee,
 For the bliss Thy love bestows,
 For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows ;
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;
 This dull soul to rapture raise :
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away :
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him, who saw the guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express ;
 Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless :
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise,
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. Key.

12

8s, 7s. 8l.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled His temple and repeated
 Each to each th' alternate hymn :
 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High!"
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
 We adopt Thine angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy!" blessing
 Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.
R. Mant.

13

7s, 6s. 8l.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
 Whom yet unseen we love,
 O Name of might and favor,
 All other names above !
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee, O Christ, we sing ;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our holy Lord and King.

- 2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought,
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.
- 3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine ;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine ;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.
- 4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love ;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

F. R. Havergal.

14

7s, 6s. 8l.

To THEE, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings.
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice in supplication,
 Well pleasèd, Thou shalt hear ;
 Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode ;
 There cast my crown before Thee,
 Now all my conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore Thee —
 What can an angel more ?

T. Haweis.

15

6,6,4,6,6,6,4

COME, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise !
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days !

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall !
 Let Thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on Thee be stayed :
 Lord, hear our call !

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend !

Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success :
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend !

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour !
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !

5 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore ;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

C. Wesley.

16

L. M. 8l.

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
For He is Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.
For he is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great ;
Trust in His name, for it is true.
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.
- 4 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die,
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

17

8s, 7s.

- God, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy Name ;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Honor great our God befitteth ;
Who His majesty can reach ?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought —
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.
- 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

R. Mant.

18

L. M.

- HIGH in the heav'ns, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.
- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

I. Watts.

19

L. M.

OH, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favors past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great,
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there,
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Tate and Brady. .

20

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. Watts.

21

S. M.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad.

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

S. Stennett.

22

S. M.

SING to the Lord, our might,
With holy fervor sing ;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is His holy house
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given ;

The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

- 4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.

- 5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He that Israel then supplied
Will help His Israel still.

H. F. Lyte.

23

S. M.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

- 5 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

I. Watts.

24

S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come ;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

W. Hammond.

25

6,6,6,6,4,4.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

- 2 Oh, happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear !
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still ;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
Oh, glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

I. Watts.

26

S. M.

- WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 While in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal
And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

T. Jervis.

27

8,7,8,7,7,7.

OPEN now Thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for Him who answers pray'r:
Oh, how blessed is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart, oh, enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy Gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May Thy Word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
Whilst Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

B. Schmolck. Tr. C. Winkworth.

28

C. M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.

5 May faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle.

29

C. M.

COME, Thou desire of all Thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !

3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heav'n on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come!
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

Anne Steele.

30

S. M. 8l.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own;
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Thro' all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn;
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem;
The root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love ;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

M. Bridges.

31

S. M. 81.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

2 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :

We are His works, and not our own ;
 He formed us by His word.
 To-day attend His voice,
 Nor dare provoke His rod ;
 Come, like the people of His choice,
 And own your gracious God.

I. Watts.

32

10s.

- AS PANTS the wearied hart for cooling
 springs,
 That sinks exhausted in the summer's
 chase,
 So pants my soul for Thee, great King of
 kings,
 So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-
 place.
- 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
 My heart shall gladden through the tedi-
 ous day ;
 And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of
 night,
 To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful
 lay.
- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's
 aid?
 Thy God the God of mercy still shall
 prove ;
 Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be
 paid ;
 Unquestioned be His faithfulness and
 love.

R. Lowth. Tr. G. Gregory.

33

10s.

FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
 And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet ;

Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

- 2 Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless
care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare !
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned ?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around ?
- 3 Alas ! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we
rove ;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we
come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
- 4 Oh, by that name in which all fulness
dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in !
L. E. G. Whitmore.

34

C. M. 81.

O VERY God of very God,
And very Light of Light,
Thy feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright.
Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes ;
Cold is the night, and oh, we long
That Thou, our sun, wouldst rise.

- 2 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
That never shall be past.
Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore.

- 3 We wait in faith, and turn our face
 To where the daylight springs,
 Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase,
 With healing in Thy wings.
 To God the Father, power and might
 Both now and ever be ;
 To Him that is the light of light,
 And, Holy Ghost, to Thee !

J. M. Neale.

35

8,7,8,7,4,7.

- GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Great Jehovah, Three in One !
 Glory, glory,
 While eternal ages run !
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
 Washed us from each spot and stain ;
 Glory be to Him who bought us,
 Made us kings with him to reign !
 Glory, glory,
 To the Lamb that once was slain !
- 3 Glory to the King of angels,
 Glory to the Church's King,
 Glory to the King of nations,
 Heaven and earth your praises bring !
 Glory, glory,
 To the King of glory bring !
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal !
 Thus the choir of angels sings ;
 Honor, riches, power, dominion !
 Thus its praise creation brings,
 Glory, glory,
 Glory to the King of kings !

H. Bonar.

36

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, Thy people, now draw near;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
 Speak, and let Thy servants hear—
 Hear with meekness,
 Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till Thy glory
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
 Thee Thy people shall adore;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceived before—
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

T. Kelly.

37

7s, 6l.

LORD of power, Lord of might,
 God and Father of us all,
 Lord of day, and Lord of night,
 Listen to our solemn call;
 Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
 Songs of pray'r and songs of praise.

2 Light and love and life are Thine,
 Great Creator of all good.
 Fill our souls with light divine;
 Give us, with our daily food,
 Blessings from Thy heavenly store—
 Blessings rich for evermore.

3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name ;
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame ;
Young and old together bless ;
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest.
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

G. Thring.

38

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died !

5 Oh, wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

J. Newton.

39

7s.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
O do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend ;
In compassion, now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond.

40

7s.

To THY temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there,
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;

Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

- 3 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

J. Montgomery.

41

8,7,8,7,4,7.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
Oh, refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found !

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Rise, and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett.

42

8,8,8,6

THE Sabbath-day has reach'd its close,
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows :
Smile on my evening hour.

2 O heavenly comforter, sweet guest !
Hallow and calm my troubled breast ;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest :
Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain ;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain :
Smile on my evening hour.

4 Oh, ever present, ever nigh,
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh ;
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye ;
Smile on my evening hour.

5 My only intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer, and every vow :
Smile on my evening hour.

6 And, oh, when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour.

Charlotte Elliott.

43

C. M.

O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Thy word, like manna shower'd from heav'n,
Implant within our breast.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,

The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly sown,
Do Thou Thy grace supply ;
The hope in earthly furrows strown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

R. Heber.

44

C. M.

AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee ;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,
O'er all things high and bright ;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 Oh, wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine ;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine !
- 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are ;
- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

W. Bright.

45

8s, 7s. 8l.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us, —
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

T. Hastings.

46

8s, 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton.

47

8s, 7s.

Lo, THE day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light!
While Thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,

Father, grant Thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing!

C. Robbins.

48

10s.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day :
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com-
ing night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children
free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton.

49

C. M.

THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive ;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road ;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

- 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest ;
Be He of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.
- 4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,
His nightly watch to keep ;
Crown with His peace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

J. Ellerton.

50

L. M. 6l.

- SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, etc.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day, etc.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us ; night is come ;
Thro' night and darkness near us be ;

Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

F. W. Faber.

51

8,7,8,7,7,7

SAVIOUR, now the day is ending
And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Holy Dove, descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all ;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

- 2 Bless the gospel-message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way ;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day ;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.
- 3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine ;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine ;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.
- 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought ;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught ;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

S. Doudney.

52

L. M.

ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word
Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard ;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

- 2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face.
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear.

Anon.

53

L. M.

DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon Thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

J. Hart.

54

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
O may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

- 4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

J. Cawood.

55

L. M.

NEW every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see ;
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask —
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
 Fit us for perfect rest above,
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

J. Keble.

56

7s.

AS THE sun doth daily rise,
 Bright'ning all the morning skies ;
 So to Thee with one accord
 Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

- 2 Thou, by whom all things are fed,
 Give us for the day our bread ;

Strength unto our souls afford
From the Bread of heaven, O Lord.

- 3 Be our guard in sin and strife;
Be the leader of our life;
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.
- 4 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

Anon. Tr. Earl Nelson.

57

6s. 6l.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

- 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

- 3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

- 4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,

With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

5 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

German. Tr. E. Caswall.

58

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;

Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

4 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept,
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless light partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will ;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

T. Ken.

59

11,11,11,5

BEHOLD, the shade of night is now reced-
ing,
Kindling with splendors fair the dawn is
glowing ;
With fervent hearts, oh, let us all implore
Him,
Ruler Almighty.

2 That He, our God, will look on us in pity,
Send strength for weakness, grant us His
salvation,
And with a Father's pure affection give us
Glory eternal.

3 This grace oh, grant us, Godhead ever-
blessèd
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,

Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding.

Tr. R. Palmer.

60

L. M. 6l.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine,
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

- 2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend ;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies !
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

W. Shrubsole.

61

L. M.

My God, how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

I. Watts.

62

7s. 6l.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley.

63

7s. 6l.

EV'RY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew ;
Ev'ry morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day ;

For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure,
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove ;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast ;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail ;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore.

64

8,4,7,8,4,7

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking

O'er the earth another day ;

Come, to Him who made this splendor
See thou render

All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

- 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth ;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within ;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.
- 4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey ;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.
F. R. L. von Canitz. Tr. H. J. Buckoll.

65

C. M.

- LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To Thee will I direct my pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine eye—
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there ;

I will frequent Thy holy court
And worship in Thy fear.

- 5 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

I. Watts.

66

C. M.

O GOD, before the sun's bright beams
All night's dark shadows fly;
When on the soul Thy mercy gleams,
All doubts and terrors die.

- 2 So freshly falls Thy heaven-sent grace
As morning's gladdening breath;
Gives light to all to seek Thy face,
And guides in life and death.
- 3 O holy light! O light of God!
O light unseen below,
Which fills the courts of Thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know!
- 4 Swift comes the hour when none can toil,
Short is the rugged way;
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil
Whilst it is called to-day.
- 5 Then we shall see that glorious light
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,
The eternal morn of heaven.

G. Phillimore.

67

C. M.

My soul, awake! thy rest forsake,
And greet the morning light;
With song arise—glad sacrifice
For mercies of the night.

- 2 With courage drest, strong-hearted, blest,
Fulfil thy work abroad;
Fearless and true, thy way pursue,
A happy child of God.
- 3 Amid the strife of daily life,
Amid its noontide heat,
Fear not to miss thy secret bliss,
The rest of sonship sweet.
- 4 In liberty of holy glee,
Accept thy childhood's part,
And thou shalt find, by faith enshrined,
The Father in thy heart.
- 5 Oh, blessed rest! With such a guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold, and, as of old,
The water turns to wine.
- 6 Eternal praise to Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell;
Great Word of God, Jehovah! Lord!
Adored Emmanuel!

J. E. Livock.

68

C. M.

- O FATHER, hear my morning prayer,
Thy aid impart to me,
That I may make my life to-day
Acceptable to Thee.
- 2 May this desire my spirit rule,
And, as the moments fly,
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die.
 - 3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win,
With shining victory meet,
Some sin that strives for mastery,
Find overthrow complete.

4 That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer Thee.

F. A. Percy.

69

11s, 10s.

Now, when the dusky shades of night, re-
treating

Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee ;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are
fleeting,

O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to
Thee.

2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life
unsealing,

When hill and dale in thickest darkness
lay,

Awoke bright rays across the dim earth
stealing,

And bade the eve and morn complete
the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven and send
to cheer us

Thy light and truth, and guide us on-
ward still :

Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is
waking,

And shades of evil from its splendors
flee,

Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale
forsaking,

Through all the long bright day to dwell
with Thee.

- 5 Be this by Thee, O God thrice holy,
granted.
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest ;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is
chanted,
Whose name by men and angels is con-
fest.

Anon.

70

C. M.

- O LORD of life, Thy quick'ning voice
Awakes my morning song ;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.
- 2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind ;
Earth is Thy uttered word ;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.
- 3 Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee ;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.
- 4 Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till the night comes, and, labor done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

G. Macdonald.

71

L. M.

- O JESUS, Lord of heav'nly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face ;
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !
- 2 Come, holy sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,

And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

- 3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.
- 4 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 5 Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 6 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Ambrose. Tr. J. Chandler.

72

L. M.

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light:
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

- 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.
- 3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

- 4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
 Canst make our darkened hearts thine own ;
 Though this new day with joy we see,
 Great Dawn of God, we cry for Thee !
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our friend,
 Praise Him thro' time till time shall end,
 Till psalm and song His name adore
 Through heaven's great day of evermore.
F. T. Palgrave.

73

11s, 10s. Iambic

- STILL, still with Thee, when purple morn-
 ing breaketh,
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows
 flee ;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-
 light,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
 Thee !
- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the
 morn.
- 3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
 slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in
 prayer ;
 Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-
 shading,
 But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee
 there.
- 4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-
 ing,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shad-
 ows flee ;

Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight
 dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am
 with Thee !

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

74

7,8,7,8,7,7

LIGHT of light, enlighten me !

Now anew the day is dawning ;
 Sun of grace, the shadows flee ;

Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning !
 With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
 Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
 To Thy living waters lead me ;
 Thou from earth my soul release,
 And with grace and mercy feed me ;
 Bless Thy word that it may prove
 Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
 That upon my lips is lying ;
 Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
 That, from every error flying,
 No strange fire may in me glow
 That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Rapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to Thee up-springing,
 Have a foretaste inly given,
 How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
 Build a paradise within me ;
 Oh, reveal Thyself to me,
 Blessed Love, who died'st to win me ;
 Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
 Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

- 6 Hence all care, all vanity,
 For the day to God is holy :
 Come, thou glorious majesty,
 Deign to fill this temple lowly ;
 Naught to-day my soul shall move,
 Simply resting in Thy love.
B. Schmolck. Tr. C. Winkworth.

75

8,8,8,4

- My God is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to Thy feet,
 The hour of prayer ?
- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that solemn hour of eve,
 When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
 The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
 Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
 Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
 Here for my every want I find,
 What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
 What peace of mind.
- 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
 And e'en the penitential tear
 Is wiped away.
- 6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
 No privilege so dear shall be
 As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to Thee.

C. Elliott.

76

6,4,6,6

THE sun is sinking fast,
 The daylight dies ;
 Let love awake, and pay
 Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
 His head inclined,
 And to His Father's hands
 His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give
 Into His sacred charge,
 In whom all spirits live ;

4 So now beneath His eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without a wish or thought
 Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
 Whate'er betide —
 Dead to herself, and dead
 In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live : yet now
 Not I, but He,
 In all His power and love,
 Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
 One Lord divine,
 May I be ever His,
 And He for ever mine.

E. Caswall.

77

L. M.

O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
 Before we sleep bow down Thine ear ;

- Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart ;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.
- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !
What dawning risen upon the night !
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.
- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him through time, till time shall
end,
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.
F. T. Palgrave.

78

C. M.

- NOW FROM the altar of my heart
Let incense flames arise ;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, my love ! awake, my joy !
Awake, my heart and tongue !
Sleep not : when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.
- 3 This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide ;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

4 New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require.
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

5 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

J. Mason.

79

8,8,8,4

THE radiant morn hath passed away
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past !
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal light of light,
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring.

80

8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light,
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night.
 May Thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This live-long night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie.
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us
 With Thee on high.

R. Heber and R. Whateley.

81

7,6,7,6,8,8

THE day is past and over ;
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight
 And save me through the coming night !

2 The joys of day are over.
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And ask Thee, that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night !

3 The toils of day are over.
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be.

O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!
Anatolius. Tr. J. M. Neale.

82

C. M.

As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were
stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
Oh, grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

C. Coffin. Tr. J. Chandler.

83

7s, 6s. 8l.

THE hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more, to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come.

For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

2 For this O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this, we thank Thee most
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost ;
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

3 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past ;
With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come !

J. Ellerton.

84

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.

- 4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close —
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds ;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see.
- 7 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?
- 8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. Ken.

85

S. M.

- OUR day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True light that light'nest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But oh the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton.

86

L. M.

- THE bright'ning dawn and voiceful day
Thy loving-kindness, Lord, proclaim ;
And night, with its sublime array
Of starry worlds, doth praise Thy name.
- 2 Yea, while adoring seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to Thee.
- 3 O holy Father, 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness and Thy power ;
- 4 For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On Thee, our Father and our Friend.
- 5 Kept by Thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour ;

Night o'er us with its stars, we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

- 6 In grief, console ; in gladness, bless ;
In darkness, guide ; in sickness, cheer ;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
We all before Thy throne appear.

W. H. Burleigh.

87

L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dew of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

88

L. M.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !

- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near ;
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 Oh, Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells.

89

L. M.

GREAT God who knowest each man's need,
Bless Thou our watch and guard our sleep ;

Forgive our sins of thought and deed,
And in Thy peace Thy servants keep.

2 We thank Thee for the day that's done,
We trust Thee for the days to be ;
Thy love we learn in Christ Thy Son —
Oh, may we all His glory see.

E. Tennyson.

90

10s.

ABIDE with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with
me !

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee —
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. Lyte.

91

7s.

GOD the Father, be Thou near,
Save from ev'ry harm to-night ;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.

2 God the Saviour, be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night ;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night ;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Turn our darkness into light.

4 Holy Trinity, be nigh,
Mystery of love ador'd ;
Help to live and help to die ;
Lighten all our darkness, Lord.

G. Rawson.

92

10s. 6l.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows.
O brightness of Thy Father's glory,
Thou eternal light of light, be with us now :
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end :
Onward to darkness and to death we tend :
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide.
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide :
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,

Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms
assail,

And earthly hopes and human succors fail :
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, " Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth.

93

C. M. 81.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the dark'ning sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade :
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine :

Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

- 4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil ;
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

A. A. Procter.

94

6s, 5s.

NOW THE day is over,
Night is drawing nigh ;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky ;

- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

- 5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise

Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould.

95

7,7,7,5

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray ;
Grant us ev'ry closing day
Light at evening-time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears ;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie ;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee ;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

R. H. Robinson.

96

7,7,7,5

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights, with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

- 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter, we
Hope to bear the palm.

G. Rorison.

97

7,7,7,5

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore!

- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore!

- 3 When the darkness melts away,
At the breaking of the day,
Bids us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore!

- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

- 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore!

J. Ellerton.

98

7,7,7,5

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Thy Father's flock doth keep,

Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by Thee.

2 In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand,
Speak, we hear, at Thy command,
We will follow Thee.

3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,
By Thy life salvation wrought,
By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.

4 Father, draw us to Thy Son,
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free.

5 We in robes of glory drest
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with Thee.

H. Cook.

8s, 7s.

99

HEAR our pray'r, O Heav'nly Father,
Ere we lay us down to sleep ;
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round our bed their vigils keep.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before the cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade ;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

4 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought ;

None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

- 5 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear us home.

H. Parr.

100

11,11,11,5

Now GOD be with us, for the night is
closing ;
The light and darkness are of His dispos-
ing,
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield
us,
For He will shield us.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us ;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er
us ;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend
us,
Thine angels send us.

- 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-
takes us ;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morn-
ing wakes us.
All sick and mourners we to Thee com-
mend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

- 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid
us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast
made us.
Keep us in life ; forgive our sins ; deliver
Us now and ever.

- 5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our sal-
vation,
God, Three in One, the ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy
casting,
Lord everlasting.
Bohemian Brethren. Tr. C. Winkworth.

101

8,7,8,7,7,7

THRO' the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Thro' the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

T. Kelly.

102

10,10,10,6

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father, forgive my trespasses and keep
This little life of mine.

- 2 With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim
feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,—
So shall my sleep be sweet.
- 3 At peace with all the world, dear Lord,
and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can
shake ;

All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

H. McE. Kimball.

103

L. M.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light, to Thee we bow!
Within all shadows standest Thou.
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!
S. Longfellow.

104

10, 6s

O BRIGHTNESS of th' immortal Father's face,
Most holy, heav'nly, blest,
Lord Jesus Christ, in whom His truth and
grace
Are visibly expressed.

2 The sun is sinking now and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.

- 3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
 Our hallowed praises, Lord.
 O Son of God, be Thou, in whom we live,
 Through all the world adored.

Second Century. Tr. E. W. Eddis.

105

8s.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
 Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,
 My all to Thy covenant care,
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.

- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And, fast as my minutes roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

- 3 A sovereign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

- 4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
 His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend.

A. M. Toplady.

106

8s, 7s. 8l.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing *P. M.*
 Ere repose our spirits seal.
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
 Humbly we ourselves resign ;
 Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
 Make our slumbers pure as Thine ;
 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
 Chase the darkness of our night,
 Till the perfect day before us
 Breaks in everlasting light.
J. Edmeston. V. 3 added by E. H. Bickersteth.

107

8s, 7s. 8l.

VAINLY thro' night's weary hours,
 Keep we watch, lest foes alarm ;
 Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
 But for God's protecting arm.
 Vain were all our toil and labor,
 Did not God that labor bless ;
 Vain, without His grace and favor,
 Every talent we possess.

2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
 Which on human strength relies ;
 But to him shall help be given,
 Who in humble faith applies.
 Seek we, then, the Lord's anointed ;
 He will grant us peace and rest :
 Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
 Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

H. Auber.

108

7s.

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity,
 Then, from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane.

109

7s. 10l.

FATHER, by Thy love and power
 Comes again the evening hour ;
 Light has vanished, labors cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace.
 Thou, whose genial dews distil
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
 Father, guard our couch from ill,
 Lull Thy children to repose.
 We to Thee ourselves resign ;
 Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
 This our feeble evening prayer.
 Thou hast seen how oft to-day
 We, like sheep, have gone astray ;
 Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,

Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
 Secret faults and undescried,
 Meet Thy spirit-piercing view :
 Blessèd Saviour, yet through Thee,
 Grant that we may pardoned be.

- 3 Holy Spirit, breath of balm
 Fall on us in evening's calm.
 Yet a while, before we sleep,
 We with Thee will vigils keep.
 Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Give us truest penitence ;
 Then the love of God infuse,
 Breathing humble confidence ;
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort, still.
- 4 Blessèd Trinity, be near,
 Through the hours of darkness drear ;
 Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
 Thou more clearly present art.
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Watch o'er our defenceless heads ;
 Let Thy angels' guardian host
 Keep all evil from our beds,
 Till the flood of morning rays
 Wake us to a song of praise.

J. Anstice.

110

L. M.

GREAT God, to Thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise ;
 Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
 And every onward rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord ; His name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.
A. Steele.

111

S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

J. Leland.

112

S. M.

THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore !

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

J. M. Neale.

113

8,7,8,7,7,7

ALLELUIA ! fairest morning,
Fairer than our words can say !
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day ;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory,
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,
Light upon the world of darkness
From thy blessed moments roll !
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship
We will seek our joy to-day :
It is then we learn the fulness
Of the grace for which we pray :
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
 As with Thee it has begun ;
 And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
 Till earth's days and weeks are done ;
 That, at last, Thy servants may
 Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

J. Krause. Tr. J. Borthwick.

114 7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain — 6, 6, 8, 4

AGAIN the morn of gladness,
 The morn of light is here ;
 And earth itself looks fairer,
 And heaven itself more near.
 The bells, like angel voices,
 Speak peace to every breast ;
 And all the land lies quiet
 To keep the day of rest.

REFRAIN. — Glory be to Jesus !

Let all his children say :
 He rose again, He rose again,
 On this glad day !

2 Again, O loving Saviour,
 The children of Thy grace
 Prepare themselves to seek Thee
 Within Thy chosen place.
 Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
 If Thou our hearts wilt raise ;
 If Thou our lips wilt open,
 Our mouth shall show Thy praise.—*Ref.*

3 The shining choir of angels
 That rest not day or night,
 The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
 The saints arrayed in white,
 The happy lambs of Jesus
 In pastures fair above,—
 These all adore and praise Him,
 Whom we too praise and love.—*Ref.*

4 The Church on earth rejoices
 To join with these to-day ;
 In every tongue and nation
 She calls her sons to pray ;
 Across the northern snow-fields,
 Beneath the Indian palms,
 She makes the same pure offering,
 And sings the same sweet psalms.—*Ref.*

5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises ;
 Sing, children, sing His name !
 Still louder and still further
 His mighty deeds proclaim,
 Till all whom He redeemed
 Shall own Him Lord and King,
 Till every knee shall worship
 And every tongue shall sing.—*Ref.*
J. Ellerton.

115

10s.

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest
 Which, when He made the world, Jehovah
 blessed ;
 When, like His own, He bade our labors
 cease,
 And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
 To learn His will, and all we learn obey ;
 So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
 Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes con-
 fide,
 Whose power defends us, and whose pre-
 cepts guide,
 In life our guardian and in death our
 Friend,
 Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.
W. Mason.

116

7s, 6s. 8l.

THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain ;
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil ;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed ;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone —
So many talents wasted !
So few bright laurels won !

4 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure ;
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need,
And then the peace so lasting —
Celestial peace indeed.

5 So be it, Lord, for ever.
 Oh, may we evermore,
 In Jesus' holy presence
 His blessèd name adore.
 Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
 Within His temple-walls —
 Type of the stainless worship
 In Zion's golden halls.

6 So that, in joy and gladness,
 We reach that home at last,
 When life's short week of sorrow
 And sin and strife is past ;
 When angel-hands have gathered
 The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
 O Father, Lord, Redeemer !
 Most Holy Trinity !

A. C. Cross.

117

7s, 6s. 8l.

THINE holy day's returning
 Our hearts exult to see,
 And, with devotion burning,
 Ascend, our God, to Thee.
 To-day with purest pleasure,
 Our thoughts from earth withdraw ;
 We search for sacred treasure,
 We learn Thy holy law.

2 We join to sing Thy praises,
 God of the Sabbath day ;
 Each voice in gladness raises
 Its loudest, sweetest lay.
 Thy richest mercies sharing,
 Oh, fill us with Thy love,
 By grace our souls preparing
 For nobler praise above.

R. Palmer.

118

7s, 6s. 8l.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright,
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing holy, holy, holy !
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

- 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

119

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

I. Watts.

120

L. M.

- LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
 In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from Thy temple rise.
- 2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name,
 Whose mercies flow each day the same,
 Whose kind compassions never cease,
 We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
 But look for truer rest above;
 To that our laboring souls aspire
 With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From every mortal trouble free.
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues;
- 5 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no waning moon,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 6 O long-expected day, begin,
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
 Break, morn of God, upon our eyes,
 And let the world's true sun arise!

P. Doddridge. Alt. Cotterill's Sel.

121

S. M.

THIS is the day of light.
 Let there be light to-day:
 O Day-spring, rise upon our night
 And chase its gloom away.

- 2 This is the day of rest.
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace.
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer.
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days.
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O vanquisher of death !

J. Ellerton.

122

C. M.

- THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna, to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise !
The highest heavens in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

I. Watts.

123

C. M.

- BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first, the best of days ;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day I must with God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine ;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

J. Mason.

124

C. M.

- WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called His own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at His throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

- 3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

H. Auber.

125

C. M.

- ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo, Thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
 - 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.
 - 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.
 - 5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

I. Watts.

126

S. M.

HAIL to the Sabbath day,
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven!

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

S. G. Bulfinch.

127

S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

I. Watts.

128

C. M.

My Lord, my Love, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear ;
But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.

2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Who in Thy bosom lie ;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

3 Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast ;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

4 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love ;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !

5 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.

6 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace ;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

J. Mason.

129

S. M.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
 Thy glorious acts to sing,
 To praise Thy name, and hear Thy
 word,
 And grateful off'rings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
 Thy boundless love to tell;
 And, when approach the shades of
 night,
 Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice
 With those who love and serve Thee
 best,
 And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
 Be every Sabbath given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 Eternally in heaven.

H. Auber.

130

7s. 6l.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest!

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
 Through the week our praise demand;
 Guarded by almighty power,
 Fed and guided by His hand,
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 And repaying love with sin.

- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame :
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 4 As we come Thy name to praise
May we feel Thy presence near ;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints :
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the Church above.

J. Newton.

131

L. M.

- ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.
- 2 This day may our devotion rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And heaven that sweet repose bestow
Which none but they who feel it know !
- 3 That peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 4 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away :
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

J. Stennett.

132

L. M.

THIS dāy, at Thy creating word
 First o'er the earth the light was poured :
 O Lord, this day upon us shine,
 And fill our souls with light divine.

- 2 This day the Lord for sinners slain
 In might victorious rose again :
 O Jesus, may we raised be
 From death of sin, to life in Thee.

- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came
 With fiery tongues of cloven-flame :
 O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
 With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

- 4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace,
 From earthly toils sweet resting-place,
 Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
 Give we again to God above !

W. W. How.

133

7s.

ON this day, the first of days,
 God the Father's name we praise,
 Who, creation's fount and spring,
 Did the world from darkness bring.

- 2 On this day the eternal Son
 Over death His triumph won ;
 On this day the Spirit came
 With His gifts of living flame.

3 Oh, that fervent love to-day
 May in every heart have sway,
 Teaching us to praise aright
 God, the source of life and light !

4 Father, who didst fashion me
 Image of Thyself to be,
 Fill me with Thy love divine,
 Let my every thought be Thine.

5 Holy Jesus, may I be
 Dead and buried here with Thee,
 And, by love inflamed, arise
 Into Thee a sacrifice.

Tr. H. W. Baker.

134

8,6,8,4

HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
 From toil and trouble free ;
 Hail ! day of light, that bringest light
 And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
 On all the world around,
 Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
 Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
 A ray of light divine
 Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
 For it is Thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
 That Thou this day hast given,
 Sweet foretaste of that endless day
 Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring.

135

L. M.

HOW PLEASANT, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace ;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

I. Watts.

136

6,6,6,6,8,8

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day !
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay :
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

- 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes ;

And now He pleads our cause above
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord !

Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,

Ascend Thy conquering car,
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war :
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away !

E. Scott. T. Cotterill.

137

6,6,6,6,8,8

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest ;
I hail thy kind return :
Lord, make these moments blest.
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,

And fill His throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face ;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,

With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours :
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, in J. Dobell's Coll.

138

L. M.

AGAIN the Lord's own day is here,
The day to Christian people dear,
As, week by week, it bids them tell
How Jesus rose from death and hell.

- 2 For by His flock their Lord declared
His resurrection should be shared ;
And we who trust in Him to save
With Him are risen from the grave.
- 3 We, one and all, of Him possessed,
Are with exceeding treasures blessed ;
For all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share.
- 4 Eternal glory, rest on high,
A blessed immortality,
True peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all His gifts, and all our own.
- 5 And therefore unto Thee we sing,
O Lord of peace, eternal King ;
Thy love we praise, Thy name adore,
Both on this day and evermore.

15th Century. Tr. J. M. Neale.

139

7s. 6l.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of Hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored !
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly,
To the blessed Trinity.

- 2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,

Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia, Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three!
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth.

140

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

HARK! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are raising.
Cherubim and seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord, —
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

- 2 Lo ! the apostolic train
Join Thy sacred name to hallow.
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow ;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the church the song goes on.
- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee ;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.
- 4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded ;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo ! I put my trust in Thee ;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

C. A. Walworth.

141

7s. 8l.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts ! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with one accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore :
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

3 Holy, holy, holy ! all

Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall

At the footstool of their King :
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

J. Montgomery.

142

6,6,6,6,8,8.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above :
He sent His own Eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe :
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done ;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One ;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

I. Watts.

143

L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,
Forever be Thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and
heaven.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song ;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning
tongue.

J. W. Eastburn.

144

L. M.

FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

E. Cooper.

145

L. M.

ETERNAL Father, when to Thee,
Beyond all worlds by faith I soar,
Before Thy boundless majesty
I stand in silence, and adore.

- 2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side ;
Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see.
Thou art my friend, my daily guide,
God over all, yet God with me.
- 3 And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make Thy temple day by day :
The Holy Ghost of God Thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.
- 4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens Thou hast Thy throne,
Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

H. D. Ganse.

146

8,8,8.

- O GOD of life, whose pow'r benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.
- 2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.
- 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain.
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

5 O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be.

A. T. Russell.

147

7s.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. Milton.

148

C. M.

O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
In heav'n and earth the same :
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
Oh, what is man, I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee.

3 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favored path is trod ;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

4 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same :
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

H. F. Lyte.

149

7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with alleluias rang
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

- 4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
J. Montgomery.

150

L. M.

- O LOVE of God, how strong and true,
Eternal, and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
- 2 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort and to bless.
 - 3 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
 - 4 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high
Our life to live, our death to die.
 - 5 We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

6 O love of God, our shield and stay .
 Through all the perils of our way !
 Eternal love, in thee we rest,
 For ever safe, for ever blest.

H. Bonar.

151

7s.

GOD is love ; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But His mercy waneth never :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove ;
 From the gloom His brightness streameth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere His glory shineth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

J. Bowring.

152

L. M. 8l.

O KING of earth, and air, and sea,
 The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;
 To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
 The bosom of the boundless deep ;
 To Thee the lions roaring call,—
 The common Father, kind to all :
 Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
 Our daily bread from day to day.

- 2 The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine ;
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine.
Thy bounteous Hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.
- 3 And oh, when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our Heavenly Home ;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;
Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live,
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

R. Heber.

153

L. M.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

- 2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes.

154

C. M.

- THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy.
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name ;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

N. Tate and N. Brady.

155

L. M.

- LORD ! Thou hast search'd and seen me
thro' ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising, and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

I. Watts.

156

L. M.

- Lo ! God is here : let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place ;
Let all within us feel His power,
And humbly bow before His face.
- 2 Lo ! God is here, whom day and night
United choirs of angels praise ;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
The host of heaven their anthems raise.
- 3 Almighty Father, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

G. Tersteegen. Tr. J. Wesley.

157

L. M.

THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice:
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King !"

- 2 The Lord is King ! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises ?
- 3 The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just ;
Holy and true are all His ways :
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing
"The Lord Omnipotent is King !"
- 5 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie ;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.
- 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns, and life and death are yours :
Thro' earth and heaven one song shall
ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King !"

J. Conder.

158

L. M.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song ;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse ;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

- 2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;
 How terrible is God in arms !
 In Israel are His mercies known,
 Israel is His peculiar throne.
- 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest ;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,
 God is the strength of every saint.

I. Watts.

159

7s. 8l.

- PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
 Saints within His courts below,
 Angels round His throne above,
 All that see and share His love.
 Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
 Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;
 Age to age, and shore to shore,
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore.
- 2 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace ;
 Praise His providence and grace,
 All that He for men hath done,
 All He sends us through His Son.
 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
 In the concert bear your parts ;
 All that breathe, your Lord adore,
 Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

H. F. Lyte.

160

L. M. 8l.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison.

161

8s, 7s. 8l.

PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'ns, adore Him,
 Praise Him, angels, in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance He hath made.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail;
 God hath made His saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name.

Foundling Chapel Coll.

162

- 8s, 7s. 8l.

PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
 Praise be Thine from every tongue ;
 Join my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
 Father, source of all compassion,
 Pure unbounded grace is Thine :
 Hail the God of our salvation,
 Praise Him for His love divine.

- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the richest gifts bestowed,
 Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.
 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise :
 There, enraptured fall before Him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

J. Fawcett.

163

8s, 7s. 8l.

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
 Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
 Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
 From a love so true and deep ?
 Was there ever kindest Shepherd
 Half so gentle, half so sweet,
 As the Saviour who would have us
 Come and gather at His feet ?

- 2 It is God : His love looks mighty,
 But is mightier than it seems.
 'T is our Father, and His fondness
 Goes far out beyond our dreams.
 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea ;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

4 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We would take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

164

C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart ?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise !

J. Addison.

165

S. M.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul ;
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all His benefits :
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins ;
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He heals all thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth,
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace has made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days :
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul !

J. Montgomery.

166

C. M.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see.
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on Thee.

H. M. Williams.

167

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Couper.

168

C. M.

- GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made :
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view ;
To Thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares ;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

I. Watts.

169

C. M.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

- 3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

- 4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine !"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

I. Watts.

170

C. M.

O GOD, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

- 2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud ;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry :—

- 3 O Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.
- 6 Thy honored, true and only Son
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.
Anon. (Latin, 5th Cent.) Tr. Tate and Brady.

171

C. M.

- My God how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright;
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.
 - 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.
 - 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee !

F. W. Faber.

172

C. M.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts.

173

7s.8l.

GOD eternal, mighty King,
 Unto Thee our praise we bring ;
 All the earth doth worship Thee ;
 We amid the throng would be.
 Holy, holy, holy ! cry
 Angels round Thy throne on high :
 Lord of all the heavenly powers,
 Be the same loud anthem ours.

- 2 Glorified apostles raise,
 Night and day, continual praise :
 Hast not Thou a mission too
 For Thy children here to do ?
 With the prophets' goodly line
 We in mystic bond combine ;
 For Thou hast to babes revealed
 Things that to the wise were sealed.

- 3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
 Of the cross are heard to boast ;
 Oh, that we our cross may bear,
 And a crown of glory wear !
 God eternal, mighty King,
 Unto Thee our praise we bring ;
 To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Cent.) Tr. J. E. Millard.

174

C. M.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at His command,
 And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

5 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

I. Watts.

175

8s, 7s. 6l.

God the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light ;
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth,
He hath girded Him with might.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
God is King in depth and height.

2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more ;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar ;
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
For the ocean's sounding store.

- 4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God, who reigns on Heaven's high steep.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

- 5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

J. Keble.

176

6,6,8,4. 8l.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heav'n confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

- 2 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.
- 3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.

On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious, with His saints in light
Forever reigns.

- 4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine !
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

T. Olivers.

177

7s, 6s. 8l.

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene ;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou.

- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
And unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.
- 3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.

On us Thy mercy lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest,
 And let Thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till, clothed in light for ever,
 We see Thee face to face :
 A joy no language measures,
 A fountain brimming o'er,
 An endless flow of pleasures,
 An ocean without shore.

E. H. Bickersteth.

178

L. M. 6l.

OH COME, oh come, Emmanuel,
 And ransom captive Israel,
 That mourns in lonely exile here
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

- 2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

- 3 Oh come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine advent here ;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

- 4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
 And open wide our heavenly home ;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.

179

S. M.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore,

A summons stern and clear :

"Reform ; be just, and sin no more :
God's judgment draweth near !"

2 A voice by Galilee,

A holier voice I hear :

"Love God ; thy neighbor love : for see
God's mercy draweth near !"

3 O voice of duty, still

Speak forth : I hear with awe ;

In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

4 Thou higher voice of love,

Yet speak thy word in me ;

Through duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

S. Longfellow.

180

8s, 7s.

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,

Born to set Thy people free ;

From our fears and sins release us ;

Let us find our rest in Thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. Wesley.

181

7,7,7, with Alleluia

BLESSED night, when Bethlehem's plain
Echoed with the joyful strain,
"Peace has come to earth again."
Alleluia.

- 2 Blessèd hills that heard the song
Of that glorious angel throng
Swelling all our slopes along.
Alleluia !

- 3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
"God to man is drawing near."
Alleluia !

- 4 Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise—
Alleluia !

- 5 We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing ;
Our best offering to Thee bring,
Alleluia !

- 6 Blessèd Babe of Bethlehem,
Owner of earth's diadem,
Claim and wear the radiant gem.
Alleluia !

H. Bonar.

182

7s.

- BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a son is given.
- 2 Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity ;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 3 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet :
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.
- 4 Glory be to God on high !
Earth, uplift the joyful cry ;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. Montgomery.

183

7s.

- HAIL, all hail the joyful morn !
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That "to us a child is born,"
That "to us a son is given."
- 2 Angels bending from the sky,
Chanted at the wondrous birth,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace, good-will to man on earth."

3 Him prophetic strains proclaim
 King of kings, the incarnate Word ;
 Great and wonderful His name,
 Prince of Peace, the mighty God.

4 Join we then our feeble lays,
 To the chorus of the sky ;
 And, in songs of grateful praise,
 Glory give to God on high.

H. Auber.

184

11,11,12,11 With Refrain

REFRAIN. — Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
 sing ;

Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is
 King.

ZION, the marvelous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly His
 birth ;

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up-
 on earth.

Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation
 The heart-cheering news let the earth
 echo round ;

How free to the faithful He offers salva-
 tion,

How His people with joy everlasting are
 crowned.

Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bring-
 ing,

And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise :
 Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing ;

One chorus resound through the earth
 and the skies.

Shout the glad tidings, etc.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

185

P. M. Irregular.

OH come, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant,
 Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
 Come and behold Him
 Born the King of Angels;

AFTER EACH VERSE. —

Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Christ, the Lord.

2 God of God,
 Light of Light,
 Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
 Very God,
 Begotten, not created;

3 Sing, choirs of Angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
 Glory to God
 In the highest;

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning,
 Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing.

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. F. Oakeley.

186

6s, 5s. With Refrain.

COME hither, ye faithful,
 Triumphantly sing;
 Come, see in the manger
 The angels' dread King;
 To Bethlehem hasten
 With joyful accord;

Oh come ye, come hither,
 Oh come ye, come hither,
 Oh come ye, come hither
 To worship the Lord.

2 True Son of the Father,
 He comes from the skies ;
 To be born of a Virgin
 He doth not despise.
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark ! hark to the angels !
 All singing in heaven,
 "To God in the highest
 All glory be given !"
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,
 This day of Thy birth,
 Be glory and honor
 Through heaven and earth ;
 True Godhead incarnate !
 Omnipotent Word !
 Oh come, let us hasten,
 Oh come, let us hasten,
 Oh come, let us hasten
 To worship the Lord !

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. E. Caswall-Schaff.

187

7s. 8l.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled !"
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King."

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored ;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb :
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as man with men to dwell ;
 Jesus, our Emmanuel !
 Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King."
- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley ; alt. G. Whitefield ; M. Madan ; Suppl. to New Version ; J. Kemphorne.

188

7s.8l.

HE has come, the Christ of God ;
 Left for us His glad abode ;
 Stooping from His throne of bliss,
 To this darksome wilderness.
 He has come, the Prince of Peace !
 Come to bid our sorrows cease ;
 Come to scatter, with His light,
 All the shadows of our night.

- 2 He, the mighty King, has come,
 Making this poor earth His home ;
 Come to bear our sin's sad load,
 Son of David, Son of God.

He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race ;
Left for us His glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God.

- 3 Unto us a child is born ;
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Out of all the morns of time
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a son is given ;
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

H. Bonar.

189

8s, 7s. 8l.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy :
"Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed :
Heaven and earth His glory sing ;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;
Learn His name, and taste His joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most High !'

- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth!
 Spread the brightness of His glory
 Till it cover all the earth.

J. Cawood.

190

10s. 6l.

- CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
 Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
 With them the joyful tidings first begun
 Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice:
 "Behold,
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
 To you and all the nations upon earth:
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised
 word,
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the
 Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial
 choir
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, con-
 spire:
 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
 And heaven's whole arch with alleluias
 rang:
 God's highest glory was their anthem still,
 Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds
 ran,
 To see the wonder God had wrought for
 man:
 And found, with Joseph and the blessèd
 maid,

Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid ;
 Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
 The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From His poor manger to His bitter cross ;
 Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

J. Byron.

191

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord,
 Cloth'd in a garb of flesh and blood ;
 Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
 While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

- 2 Once did the skies before Thee bow :
 A virgin's arms contain Thee now ;
 Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,
 Now listen for Thine infant voice.
- 3 A little child, Thou art our guest,
 That weary ones in Thee may rest
 Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
 That we may rise to heaven from earth.
- 4 Thou comest in the darksome night,
 To make us children of the light,
 To make us, in the realms divine,
 Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.
- 5 All this for us Thy love hath done ;
 By this to Thee our love is won ;
 For this we tune our cheerful lays,
 And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther.

192

8s, 7s. 6l.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
Come and worship,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. Montgomery.

193

C. M. 8l.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold ;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King ;
The world in solemn stillness lay

To hear the angels sing,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

194

C. M. 81.

CALM on the list'ning ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

- 2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 3 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !"
Light on Thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born :
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.
- E. H. Sears.*

195

8,6,6,8,6,6

- ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices ;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air ev'rywhere
Now with joy is ringing.
- 2 Hark ! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger !
Brethren, come ! from all that grieves
you
You are freed ; all you need
I will surely give you."
- 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder !
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder !
Love Him who with love is yearning !
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning !

- 4 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
 Live to Thee, and with Thee
 Dying, shall not perish ;
 But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
 Far on high, in the joy
 That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt. Tr. C. Winkworth.

196

7s. 6l.

SING, O sing, this blessed morn ;
 Unto us a child is born,
 Unto us a Son is giv'n,
 God Himself comes down from heav'n ;
 Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
 Jesus Christ to-day is born.

- 2 God of God, and Light of light,
 Comes with mercies infinite,
 Joining in a wondrous plan
 Heaven to earth, and God to man.
 Sing, O sing, etc.

- 3 God with us, Emmanuel,
 Deigns for ever now to dwell ;
 He on Adam's fallen race
 Sheds the fulness of His grace.
 Sing, O sing, etc.

- 4 God comes down that man may rise,
 Lifted by Him to the skies ;
 Christ is Son of Man that we
 Sons of God in Him may be.
 Sing, O sing, etc.

- 5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
 With Thy Spirit day by day,
 That we ever one may be
 With the Father and with Thee.
 Sing, O sing, etc.

C. Wordsworth.

197

C. M. 8l.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

- 2 “To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born of David’s line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”
- 3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
“All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.”

N. Tate.

198

C. M.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heav’n and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns :
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts.

199

C. M.

- HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim :
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

P. Doddridge.

200

C. M.

AS SHADOWS cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

- 2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

- 3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet ;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

- 4 O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light !

W. C. Bryant.

201

P. M. 8,6,8,6,7,6,8,6

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by ;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

- 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray:
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

P. Brooks.

202 10,8,10,8, with Refrain, 8,8 (Irregular)

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly
crown

When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found
no room

For Thy holy nativity.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to
earth, .
And in great humility.
Oh, come, etc.
- 3 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown
of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come, etc.
- 4 When Heaven's arches shall ring, and her
choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet
there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.
Emily E. S. Elliott.

203

C. M.

- To us a child of hope is born,
To us a son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and Heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.
- 3 His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

- 4 Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
 And make us Thine alone,
 Who with the Father ever art
 And Holy Spirit, one.

J. Morison. Version of Hs. A. and M., Ab.

204

8,7,8,7,7,7

- ONCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
 Where a mother laid her Baby
 In a manger for His bed :
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little Child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable
 And His cradle was a stall :
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
 He would honor and obey,
 Love, and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay :
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern ;
 Day by day like us He grew ;
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew :
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love ;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above :
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high :
 When like stars His children crowned,
 All in white shall wait around.

C. F. Alexander.

205

8,7,8,7,8,7,7

- OF the Father's Love begotten,
 Ere the worlds began to be,
 He the Alpha and Omega,
 He the source, the ending He,
 Of the things that are, that have been,
 And that future years shall see,
 Evermore and evermore.
- 2 He is here, whom seers of old time
 Chanted of while ages ran,
 Whom the faithful word of prophets
 Promised since the world began ;
 Long foretold, at length appearing,
 Praise Him every child of man,
 Evermore and evermore.
- 3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens,
 Praise Him, angels in the height ;
 All dominions bow before Him
 And exalt His wondrous might.
 Let no tongue of man be silent ;
 Let each voice and heart unite,
 Evermore and evermore.
- 4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
 Thee let boys in chorus sing,
 Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
 With glad voices answering.
 Let their guileless songs re-echo
 And the heart its praises bring,
 Evermore and evermore.

- 5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
 And unwearied praises be,
 Honor, glory, might, dominion,
 And eternal victory,
 Evermore and evermore.
Aurelius C. Prudentius. Tr. J. M. Neale.

206

7s, 6s. 8l.

- O ONE with God the Father
 In majesty and might,
 The brightness of His glory,
 Eternal Light of light,
 O'er this our home of darkness
 Thy rays are streaming now;
 The shadows flee before Thee;
 The world's true Light art Thou.
- 2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
 O heavenly Light, arise,
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,
 And hide Thee from our eyes.
 We long to track the footprints
 That Thou Thyself hast trod;
 We long to see the pathway
 That leads to Thee our God.
- 3 O Jesus, shine around us
 With radiance of Thy grace;
 O Jesus, turn upon us
 The brightness of Thy face.
 We need no star to guide us,
 As on our way we press,
 If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
 O Sun of Righteousness.

W. W. How.

207

L. M. 8l.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
It is the star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark :
Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose, —
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And, thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

H. K. White.

208

L. M.

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shame the sun's less radiant light ?
It shines t' announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
" From Jacob shall a star proceed ; "
And lo, the eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

- 3 While outward signs the star displays,
 An inward light the Lord conveys,
 And urges them, with force benign,
 To seek the giver of the sign.
- 4 True love can brook no dull delay,
 Nor toil nor dangers stop their way;
 Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,
 They leave at once, at God's high call.
- 5 O Jesus, while the Star of grace
 Invites us now to seek Thy face,
 May we no more that grace repel,
 Or quench that light which shines so well.
C. Coffin. Tr. J. Chandler.

209

11s, 10s.

- BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shin-
 ing,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the
 stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 mine?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the
 poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 aid ;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
R. Heber.

210

7s.8l.

- SONGS of thankfulness and praise
 Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
 Manifested by the star
 To the sages from afar,
 Branch of royal David's stem,
 In Thy birth at Bethlehem ;
 Anthems be to Thee addressed,
 God in man made manifest.
- 2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
 Prophet, Priest, and King supreme,
 And at Cana, wedding-guest,
 In Thy Godhead manifest ;
 Manifest in power divine,
 Changing water into wine ;
 Anthems be to Thee addressed,
 God in man made manifest.
- 3 Manifest in making whole
 Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;
 Manifest in valiant fight,
 Quelling all the devil's might ;
 Manifest in gracious will,
 Ever bringing good from ill ;

Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Star shall fall, the heavens shall flee ;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign ;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear ;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy word ;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou,
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany ;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in man made manifest.

C. Wordsworth.

211

7s.6l.

As WITH gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,

Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light ;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

W. C. Dix.

212

6s. 5s. 8l. With refrain.

FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home ;
Stirr'd by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

REFRAIN. — Light of light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

- 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,

Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star. — *Ref.*

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star. — *Ref.*

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star. — *Ref.*

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star. — *Ref.*

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come. — *Ref.*

213

8s, 7s.

HAIL ! Thou source of every blessing,
Sov'reign Father of mankind,
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.

2 Grateful now we fall before Thee
In Thy Church obtain a place ;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

3 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne ;
In Thy covenant united
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.

4 Now revealed to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine,
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

5 Hail ! Thou all-inviting Saviour ;
Gentiles now their offerings bring,
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.

6 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

B Woodd.

214

8s, 7s.

BETHL'HEM, not the least of cities,
None can e'er with thee compare ;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Shone the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Veiled beneath a form of earth.

3 By its lambent beauty guided
Eastern kings their wealth unfold ;
Bending low their gifts they offer,—
Gifts of incense, myrrh, and gold.

4 Offerings of mystic meaning :
Incense doth the God disclose ;
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth ;
Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

5 Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness
To the gentile world displayed
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

Aurelius C. Prudentius. Tr. E. Caswall.

215

L. M.

THE Star proclaims the King is here ;
But, Herod, why this senseless fear ?
He takes no realms of earth away
Who gives the realms of heavenly day.

2 The wiser Magi see from far
And follow on His guiding star ;
And led by light to light they press,
And by their gifts their God confess.

3 Within the Jordan's crystal flood
In meekness stands the Lamb of God,
And sinless sanctifies the wave,
Mankind from sin to cleanse and save.

4 At Cana first His power is shown ;
His might the blushing waters own.
And changing, as He speaks the word,
Flow wine, obedient to their Lord.

- 5 All glory, Jesus, be to Thee
 For this Thy glad Epiphany :
 Whom with the Father we adore,
 And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Latin (5th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.

216

8,7,8,7,7,7

- THOU to whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
 Still with healing words replying
 To the wearied cry of pain ;
 Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.
- 2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care ;
 On Thy higher help relying
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants, to Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Comfort ever to impart,
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.
- 4 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,
 To Thy healing power yield,
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

G. Thring.

217

8,7,8,7,7,7

JESUS wept ! those tears are over,
 But His heart is still the same ;
 Kinsman, friend, and elder brother,
 Is His everlasting name.

Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany ?

2 When the pangs of trial seize me,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany !

3 Jesus wept ! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear ;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept ! That tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love ;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany !

J. R. Macduff.

218

L. M.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word ;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts.

219

L. M.

HOW BEAUTEIOUS were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine ;
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God !

- 2 Oh, who like Thee so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, Thou Light of light ?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?
- 3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before ?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility ?
- 4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee ;
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illumine all my way of woe ;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God !

A. C. Coxe.

220

L. M.

WHERE'ER have trod Thy sacred feet,
Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,
Where men in busy concourse meet,
Or in the lonely wilderness.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3 Where'er Thou art may we remain ;
Where'er Thou goest may we go :
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain ;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4 Oh, may we in each holy tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be.

Anon.

221

L. M.

How SHALL I follow Him I serve ?
How shall I copy Him I love ?
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above ?

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road ?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the cup of bitter gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid that I should e'er repine ;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, rememb'ring Thine.

5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me !
Thou camest not Thyself to please ;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these ?

- 6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
 To gain the notice of Thine eye ;
 Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
 But Thou canst give the victory.

J. Conder.

222

L. M.

O LOVE! how deep, how broad, how high,
 How passing thought and fantasy,
 That God, the Son of God, should take
 Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

- 2 He sent no angel to our race,
 Of higher or of lower place,
 But wore the robe of human frame
 And He Himself to this world came.
- 3 For us to wicked men betrayed,
 Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,
 For us He bore the cross's death,
 For us at length gave up His breath.
- 4 For us He rose from death again,
 For us He went on high to reign,
 For us He sent His Spirit here
 To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

Anon. (Latin, 15th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.

223

L. M. 8l.

O MASTER, it is good to be
 High on the mountain here with Thee,
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 Those glorious saints of other days,
 Who once received on Horeb's height
 Th' eternal laws of truth and right ;
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

- 2 O Master, it is good to be
 With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three,
 Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
 Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
 Here, where the son of thunder learns
 The thought that breathes, and word that
 burns ;
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move
 With Him whose last best creed is love.
- 3 O Master, it is good to be
 Entranced, enwapt, alone with Thee ;
 And watch Thy glistening raiment glow
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
 The human lineaments that shine
 Irradiant with a light divine,
 Till we too change from grace to grace,
 Gazing on that transfigured face.
- 4 O Master, it is good to be
 Here on the holy mount with Thee,
 When darkling in the depths of night,
 When dazzled with excess of light,
 We bow before the heavenly voice
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
 Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
 "This is my Son, oh, hear ye Him."

A. P. Stanley.

224

L. M.

OH, wondrous type, oh, vision fair
 Of glory that the Church shall share,
 Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
 Where brighter than the sun He glows.

- 2 From age to age the tale declare,
 How with the three disciples there,
 Where Moses and Elias meet,
 The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

- 3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery ;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.
- 5 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit ever one,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

Sarum. Tr. J. M. Neale.

225

L. M.

- ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
Come, then, and hearken ; for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest !
Yea, let us each his heart prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward ;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand :
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.
- 5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent set Thy people free ;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

From the Latin. Tr. J. Chandler.

226

8,8,8,4.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"

Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

G. Thring.

227

7,7,7,6.

JESUS, Son of God most high,
God from all eternity,
Born as man to live and die,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Leaving Thine eternal throne,
Making mortal cares Thine own,
Making God's compassion known,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 By Thy life, so lone and still,
By Thy waiting to fulfil
In its time Thy Father's will,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 May we mark the pattern fair
Of Thy life of work and prayer,
And for truth all perils dare,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

- 5 Bid us come, at last, to Thee,
And forever perfect be,
Where Thy glory we shall see,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

T. B. Pollock.

228

L. M.

- O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free ;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience ; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden.

229

5,6,8,5,5,8.

- FAIREST Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
- 2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring ;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

- 3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host ;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.
Anon. (German). Tr. R. S. Willis.

230

C. M.

- IMMORTAL love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never ebbing sea !
- 2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.
- 3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.
- 4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
- 6 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

- 7 O Lord, and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier.

231

C. M. 81.

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.

232

C. M.

THERE is a name I love to hear ;
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells of one whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.
- 4 Jesus ! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear ;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought
throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

F. Whitfield.

233

C. M.

- THOU art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those, who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane.

234

C. M.

- BEHOLD, where in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.
- 3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life ;
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;
His image may we bear ;
Oh, may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

W. Enfield.

235

C. M.

- WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below ;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !

- 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung ;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. Denny.

236

C. M.

- OH, mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode ;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear ;
This watch the Lord did keep ;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.
- 3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven ;
To every grief, to every tear
Such glory strange is given.
- 4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee ;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

- 5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne
And Thy bright raiment wear.

T. H. Gill.

237

C. M.

- LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done!
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

J. H. Gurney.

238

L. M. 6l.

- O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and
drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
 On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
 O Love, who here as man wast born,
 And wholly like to us wast made ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
 Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe ;
 O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain,
 That we eternal joy might know ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
 Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
 O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
 From out this dying life of ours ;
 O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

J. Scheffler. Tr. C. Winkworth.

239

L. M. 6l.

- Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Light of light,
 Oh, who like Thee did ever go
 So patient through a world of woe,
 So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
 So glorious in humility ?
- 2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be
 Still more and more conformed to Thee ;
 Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
 That burns these fevered veins within ;

And learn of Thee, the lowly one,
And like Thee all our journey run.

- 3 Oh, grant us ever on the road
To trace the footsteps of our God ;
That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed
In light to judge the quick and dead,
We may to life immortal soar,
Through Thee, who livest evermore.

A. C. Cox. Revised.

240

C. M. 81.

OH, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break ?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

- 2 Oh, where is He that trod the sea ?
Oh, where is He that spake ?
And piercing words of liberty,
The deaf ears open shake ?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.

- 3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake ?
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take ;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, 'tis He can save.

4 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
 'Tis only He can save;
 To thousands hungering wearily,
 A wondrous meal He gave:
 Full soon, with food celestial fed,
 Their mystic fare they take;
 'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
 And harvest when He brake.

5 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
 My soul, the Lord is here:
 Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
 To leap, to look, to hear,
 Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy;
 Art thou diseased, or dumb?
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
 "I come," saith Christ, "I come."
T. T. Lynch.

241

C. M. 8l.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
 Was strong to heal and save;
 It triumphed o'er disease and death,
 O'er darkness and the grave.
 To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
 The palsied and the lame,
 The leper with his tainted life,
 The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
 Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
 And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
 Owned Thee, the Lord of light.
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
 Almighty as of yore,
 In crowded street, by restless couch,
 As by Gennesaret's shore.

- 3 Though love and might no longer heal
 By touch, or word, or look ;
 Though they who do Thy work must read
 Thy laws in nature's book ;
 Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
 Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
 Give joy and peace, where all is strife,
 And strength, where all is faint.
- 4 Be Thou our great deliverer still,
 Thou Lord of life and death,
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
 With Thine almighty breath.
 To hands that work and eyes that see,
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
 May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre.

242

L. M. 6l.

- WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
 To this poor world of sin and death,
 Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home
 In that despisèd Nazareth ;
 But we believe Thy foot-steps trod
 Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
- 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
 Amid that wild and savage crew,
 Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry :
 "Forgive, they know not what they do !"
 Yet we believe the deed was done
 Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.
- 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
 Where late Thy sacred body lay,
 Nor sat within that upper room,
 Nor met Thee in the open way ;
 But we believe that angels said,
 "Why seek the living with the dead ?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst thro' the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;
But we believe Thy faithful Word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

*Unknown American Author. Rewritten by H. J. Buckoll.
Afterwards rewritten by J. H. Gurney.*

243

L. M. 6l.

O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray :
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way, thro' whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wand'ring cease ;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, thro' Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
 To slake the thirst of those that faint,
 Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
 Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
 Be Thou our conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
 O Jesus, born mankind to save,
 Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
 Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
 Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
 Lord of the living and the dead.

E. H. Plumptre.

244

6s, 4s. 8l.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
 Dark was the night,
 Oars labored heavily,
 Foam glimmered white;
 Trembled the mariners,
 Peril was nigh;
 Then said the God of God,
 "Peace! It is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest;
 Wail of the stormy wind,
 Be thou at rest;
 Peril there none can be,
 Sorrow must fly,
 Where saith the Light of Light,
 "Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, deliverer,
 Come Thou to me;
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea.

Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Anatolius. Tr. J. M. Neale.

245

6,6,4,6,6,6,4

JESUS, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessèd son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
How mighty is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. Deck.

246

L. M. 6l.

AS OFT, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness, or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

J. Edmeston.

247

S. M.

GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge.

248

7s, 6s. With Refrain.

ALL glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed one.
All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went :
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Theodulph. Tr. J. M. Neale.

249

L. M.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty ;
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty :
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty :
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

H. H. Milman.

250

7s, 6s. 8l.

OH, how shall I receive Thee,
How meet Thee on Thy way,
Blest hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O Jesus, Jesus, give me
Now by Thine own pure light,
To know whate'er is pleasing
And welcome in Thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
With branches fresh and fair;
My soul, in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare;
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to Thy name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.
Oh, love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

4 Ye who, with guilty terror,
Are trembling, fear no more;
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

P. Gerhardt. Tr., Verses 1, 2, 4, A. T. Russell; Verse 3, J. C. Jacobi. Alt.

251

7s, 6s. 8l.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, Christ, to Thee.
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace ;
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall !
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven ;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew ;
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below ;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Makes glad those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

252

L. M.

O SAVING victim, opening wide
 The gate of heav'n to men below,
 Our foes press on from every side ;
 Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

- 2 All thanks and praise to Thee ascend
 For evermore, blest One in Three ;
 Oh, grant us life that shall not end,
 In our true native land with Thee.

T. Aquinas. Tr. E. Caswall.

253

L. M.

O THOU, who in the pains of death
 Art yielding up Thy parting breath,
 Teach us to fix our eyes on Thee
 Uplifted on the healing tree.

- 2 To gaze on Thee in suffering
 Shall heal the serpent's deadly sting ;
 For Thou art God, nailed there to give
 This healing grace: we look and live.
- 3 There sons for glory Thou dost gain,
 There martyrs for their triumph train,
 There stablish Thy most Holy Faith
 By love's best evidence, Thy death.
- 4 And from the earth uplifted high,
 A King, enthroned in majesty,
 Thine arms Thou spreadest on the tree,
 And drawest all men unto Thee.
- 5 O Crucified, we cleave to Thee,
 And Thou shalt our salvation be ;
 Thy cross, our only hope and pride,
 Shall ever in our hearts abide.

C. Coffin. Tr. W. Cooke.

254

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I. Watts.

255

L. M.

'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight, in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears ;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrow weeps in blood ;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

- 4 'Tis midnight, and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
W. B. Tappan.

256

7s, 6s. 8l.

- O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown ;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine !
Yet, tho' despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.
- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.
- 4 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest friend.
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?

Oh make me Thine forever ;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.

5 And when I am departing,
 Oh, part not Thou from me ;
 When mortal pangs are darting,
 Come, Lord, and set me free ;
 And when my heart must languish
 Amidst the final throe,
 Release me from mine anguish,
 By Thine own pain and woe.

6 Be near me when I'm dying,
 Oh, show Thy cross to me ;
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move ;
 For he, who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

*Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. P. Gerhardt.
 J. W. Alexander.*

257

7s, 6s. 8l.

O SACRED Head surrounded
 By crown of piercing thorn,
 O bleeding Head, so wounded,
 Reviled and put to scorn,
 Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
 The glow of life decays ;
 Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
 And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,
 All fading in the strife,
 And death with cruel rigor,
 Bereaving Thee of life ;

O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
Jesus, all grace supplying,
Oh, turn Thy face on me !

3 In this, Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be ;
Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near when I am dying ;
Oh, show Thy cross to me ;
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. H. W. Baker.

258

L. M.

LORD Jesus, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee, and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss !

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below ;

- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see,
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

W. W. How.

259

L. M.

NATURE, with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
And every labor of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

- 2 But, in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died !
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 4 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

I. Watts.

260

L. M.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love ;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

- 3 The cross, it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up,
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure, and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

T. Kelly.

261

L. M.

- OH, come and mourn with me awhile,
And tarry here the cross beside;
Oh come, together let us mourn,
Jesus our Lord is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love,
For Thou our Lord art crucified!

F. W. Faber.

267

8,8,7,8,8,7.

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son ;
There, in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone.

2 What He for His people suffered,
Stripes and scoffs and insults offered,
His fond mother saw the whole ;
Never from the scene retiring
Till He bowed His head, expiring,
And to God breathed out His soul.

3 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Saviour's cross to mourn ;
'T was our sins brought Him from heaven ;
These the cruel nails had driven ;
All His griefs for us were borne.

4 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed,
By His stripes He wrought our healing ;
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

5 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve ;
Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.

Jacobus da Todi. Tr. J. W. Alexander.

263

8,8,7,8,8,7.

DARKLY rose the guilty morning,
 When, the King of glory scorning,
 Raged the fierce Jerusalem ;
 See the Christ, His cross upbearing,
 See Him stricken, spit on, wearing
 The thorn-platted diadem.

- 2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
 Nor the hands that rudely nailed Him,
 Slew Him on the cursèd tree ;
 Ours the sin from heaven that called
 Him,
 Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
 In the sad Gethsemane.
- 3 For our sins, of glory emptied,
 He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
 He was slain on Calvary ;
 Yet He for His murderers pleaded ;
 Lord, by us that prayer is needed,
 We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.
- 4 In our wealth and tribulation,
 By Thy precious cross and passion,
 By Thy blood and agony,
 By Thy glorious resurrection,
 By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
 Make us Thine eternally.

J. Austice.

264

L. M.

O JESUS, crucified for man,
 O Lamb, all-glorious on Thy throne,
 Teach Thou our wond'ring souls to scan
 The mystery of Thy love unknown.

- 2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.
- 3 As on our daily way we go,
Thro' light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.
- 4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.
- 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win thro' Thy blood our pardon there,
And thro' the cross attain the crown.

W. W. How.

265

7s.

- FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.
- 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain ?
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 4 So shall we have peace divine,
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide.

G. H. Smyttan.

266

L. M.

THE royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nations' King should be ;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood !

5 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung,
The ransom He alone could pay,
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
As by the cross Thy dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

V. Fortunatus. Tr. J. M. Neale.

267

L. M.

'Tis finished ! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died :
'Tis finished ! yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished ! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished ! this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone ;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this My last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished ! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;
'Tis finished ! let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.
S. Stennett.

268

6s, 5s.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Doth the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.
Anon. (Italian, 18th Cent.) Tr. E. Caswall.

269

7s, 6s. 8l.

O JESUS, we adore Thee,
Upon the cross, our King ;
We bow our hearts before Thee ;
Thy gracious name we sing ;
That name hath brought salvation,
That name, in life our stay,
Our peace, our consolation,
When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy cross.
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endured,
Who can that grief declare ?
Thy pains have thus assured
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree.
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee,
Yet deign our hope to be.

O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by ;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

A. T. Russell.

270

C. M.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

I. Watts.

271

C. M.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved !
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander.

272

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky ;
It is finished !
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finished ! Oh what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford ;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished !
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law ;
Finished, all that God had promised,

Death and hell no more shall awe.

It is finished !

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the glorious theme ;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name.
 Alleluia !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

J. Evans.

273

8s, 7s.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me :
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new lustre to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring.

274

7s. 6l.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
"It is finished," hear the cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery.

275

7s. 6l.

THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee ;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till th' appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud !
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own anointed one,
Thou dost ask Him, can it be ?
" Why hast Thou forsaken me ? "

4 Lord, should fear the anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

J. Ellerton.

276

7s. 6l.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway,
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer ;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine ;
Keep me faithful, keep me near ;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.

Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my all in all.

F. R. Havergal.

277

S. M.

O PERFECT life of love !
All, all is finished now,
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed ;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart ;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies,
For me He dies, for me :
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought,
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

H. W. Baker.

278

C. M.

TO CALVARY, Lord, in spirit, now,
Our weary souls repair ;
To dwell upon Thy dying love
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

3 There, thro' Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed ;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.

4 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours :
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all below, above,
Redeemed and blest by Thee.

6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

E. Denny.

279

8s, 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
 Mercy's stream in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
 Low before His Cross to lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
 Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
 Till I taste Thy full salvation,
 And Thine unveiled glories see.

W. Shirley. Verse 5, Cook and Webb.

280

C. M.

O THOU, th' eternal Son of God,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 We worship Thee, whose head is bowed
 In agony and pain.

2 None tread with Thee Thine awful path,
 Thou sufferest alone ;
 Thine is the perfect sacrifice
 Which only can atone.

3 Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robes
 To-day are laid aside,
 And human sorrows, Son of Man,
 Thy Godhead seem to hide.

4 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
 This is the lightest part ;
 Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
 And breaks Thy sacred heart.

- 5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,
 Will truest, Lord, abide ;
 Make Thou that cross our only hope,
 O Jesus crucified !

W. C. Dix.

281

7s.

- SEE the destined day arise !
 See a willing sacrifice !
 Jesus to redeem our loss,
 Hangs upon the shameful cross.
- 2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
 Lifted on that tree of scorn,
 Every pang and bitter throe,
 Finishing Thy life of woe ?
- 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain
 Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
 And with tender body bear
 Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear ?
- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
 Mingled from Thy side with blood,
 Sign to all attesting eyes
 Of the finished sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace,
 In that sacrifice to place
 All our trust for life renewed,
 Pardoned sin, and promised good.

V. H. C. Fortunatus. Par. R. Mant.

282

7s. 6l.

- EVER patient, gentle, meek,
 Holy Saviour, was Thy mind ;
 Vainly in myself I seek
 Likeness to my Lord to find ;
 Yet that mind which was in Thee
 May be, must be formed in me.

- 2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men,
Vexed not, ruffled not Thy soul;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling couldst control:
Lord, that mind which was in Thee
May be, must be formed in me.
- 3 Though such griefs were Thine to bear,
For each sufferer Thou couldst feel,
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal:
Saviour, let Thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee.
- 4 When my pain is most intense,
Let Thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear Thee, ev'n from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love:
Saviour, let Thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee.

C. Elliott.

283

6s.

- JESUS, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying
Hear me humbly crying.
- 2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.
- 3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless, I adore Thee.

4 By that fount of blessing
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

5 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

H. Collins.

284

7s, 6s.

LORD Jesus, by Thy passion,
To Thee I make my prayer,
Thou who in mercy smitest,
Have mercy, Lord, and spare.

2 Oh, wash me in the fountain
That floweth from Thy side.
Oh, clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified.

3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
That unto Thee in Zion
I may appear at length.

4 Oh, hearken to my knocking,
And open wide the door,
That I may enter freely
And never leave Thee more.

5 Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,
To that most blessed place,
Where angels and archangels
Look ever on Thy face,

6 Where gladsome alleluias
Unceasingly resound,
Where martyrs, now triumphant,
Walk robed in white and crowned.

7 Oh, make my spirit worthy
To join that ransomed throng ;
Oh, teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song.

8 Oh, give that last blest blessing
That even saints can know,
To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go.

9 Not wisdom, might, or glory,
I ask to win above ;
I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou eternal love !

R. F. Littledale.

285

7s. 6l.

BLESSED Saviour, Thee I love,
All my other joys above,
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside :
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss,
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day ;
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die ;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more :
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

G. Duffield.

286

7s. 6l.

RESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene,
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

T. Whytehead.

287

8, 8, 8, 4.

MORN's roseate hues have deck'd the sky,
The Lord has ris'n with victory ;
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,
Alleluia !

2 The Prince of life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven.
Alleluia !

- 3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest birth :
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth
Alleluia !
- 4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day ;
For He by rising burst the way.
Alleluia !
- 5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body like to Thine shall rise.
Alleluia !
- 6 Oh, grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky.
Alleluia !
- 7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One.
Alleluia !

Latin. Tr. W. Cooke.

288

7s, 8s. With Alleluia.

JESUS lives ! thy terrors now
Can no longer, death, appall us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

- 2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

3 Jesus lives ! for us He died ;
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Alleluia !

4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
 Naught from us His love shall sever,
 Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia !

5 Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given ;
 May we go where He has gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
 Alleluia !

C. F. Gellert. (Jesus lebt ! mit Ihm auch ich.)
Tr. Miss F. E. Cox. Alt.

289

L. M.

LIFT up, lift up your voices now,
 The whole wide world rejoices now ;
 The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
 The Lord shall reign victoriously.

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred,
 In vain the watch kept ward and guard ;
 Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
 In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe ;
 A countless host He frees from woe ;
 And heaven's high portal open flies,
 For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,
 He gives us as our own to share ;
 And hope and joy and peace begin,
 For Christ has won, and man shall win.

- 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.
- 6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Author unknown.

290

7s, 6s. 8l.

- THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad,
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His Own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.
- John of Damascus (8th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.*

291

11s. With Refrain.

WELCOME, happy morning ! age to age shall
say,
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heav'n is won
to-day.
Lo ! the Dead is living, God for evermore ;
Him, their true Creator, all His works
adore.

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for
spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning
King ;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every
bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph
now.

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthen-
ing light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee
in their flight ;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields
and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise
to Thee,

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's
fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength
to show ;

Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil
Thy word ;

'Tis Thine own third morning : rise, O
buried Lord !

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with
Satan's chain,

All that now is fallen raise to life again ;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations
see,

Bring again our daylight ; day returns with
Thee.

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

V. H. C. Fortunatus (6th Cent.) Tr. J. Ellerton.

292

8s, 7s. 8l.

SING, with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song.

Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong.

Even now the dawn is breaking,
Soon the night of time shall cease,

And, in God's own likeness waking,
Man shall know eternal peace.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived !

Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.

God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits ;

Ev'ry humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal ! Heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead ;

Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head.

Patriarchs from distant ages,
 Saints all longing for their heaven,
 Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
 All await the glory given.

- 4 Life eternal! Oh, what wonders
 Crowd on faith, what joy unknown,
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
 Saints shall stand before the throne!
 Oh, to enter that bright portal,
 See that glowing firmament,
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
 Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent!

W. J. Irons.

293 8,7,8,7,7,5,7,5. With Refrain.

CHRIST is risen, Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
 Alleluia! swell the strain.
 For our gain He suffer'd loss
 By divine decree;
 He hath died upon the cross,
 But our God is He.

REFRAIN. — Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in
 twain;
 Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
 Alleluia! swell the strain.

- 2 See, the chains of death are broken;
 Earth below and heaven above
 Joy in each amazing token
 Of His rising, Lord of love;
 He for evermore shall reign
 By the Father's side,
 Till He comes to earth again,
 Comes to claim His bride. — *Ref.*

3 Glorious angels downward thronging,
 Hail the Lord of all the skies ;
 Heaven, with joy and holy longing
 For the Word incarnate, cries,
 Christ is risen ! Earth, rejoice,
 Gleam, ye starry train ;
 All creation, find a voice ;
 He o'er all shall reign.

REFRAIN. — Christ is risen, Christ is risen !
 He hath burst His bonds in
 twain ;

Christ is risen, Christ is risen !
 O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. Gurney. Recast in Church Hymns.

294

10s, 11s. 8l. Irregular.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die.
 Vain were the terrors that gathered around
 Him,

And short the dominion of death and
 the grave ;
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that
 bound Him,

Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
 "The Saviour hath risen, and man shall
 not die."

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy !
 The being He gave us, death cannot destroy ;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-mor-
 row,

If tears were our birthright, and death
 were our end ;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
 sorrow,

And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not
die.

H. Ware, Jr.

295

8,8,8. With Alleluia.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

THE strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won ;
The song of triumph has begun.

Alleluia !

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed ;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,

Alleluia !

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises 'glorious from the dead ;
All glory to our risen Head !

Alleluia !

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell,

Alleluia !

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,

Alleluia !

Anon. (Latin.) Tr. F. Pott.

296

C. M.

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

- 2 For Judah's lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head,
And cries aloud through death's domains,
To wake the imprisoned dead.
- 3 Triumphant in His glory now,
To Him all power is given ;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.
- 4 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore
Within His palace bright to bring,
And keep us evermore.

*St. Fulbert of Chartres. Tr. R. Campbell.
Recast H. A. & M.*

297

7s, 6s. 8l. With Alleluia.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness,
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness ;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot
Thro' the Red Sea waters.

CHORUS — Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

- 2 'T is the spring of souls to-day,
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen ;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.—*Cho.*

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render ;
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
 Jesus' resurrection.— *Cho.*

4 Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal ;
 But to-day amidst the twelve
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace, which evermore
 Passeth human knowing.— *Cho.*

John of Damascus (8th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.

298

7s. With Alleluia.

JESUS Christ is ris'n to-day,
 Alleluia !
 Our triumphant holy day,
 Alleluia !
 Who did once upon the cross,
 Alleluia !
 Suffer to redeem our loss.
 Alleluia !

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.
 Alleluia !

3 But the pains which He endured,
 Our salvation have procured ;
 Now above the sky He's King,
 Where the angels ever sing,
 Alleluia !

- 4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest,
One true God, by all confessed.

Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin, 14th Cent.) Tr. Tate and Brady.

299

7s. With Alleluia.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say,
Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Alleluia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
Alleluia!

- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

- 3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

- 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head.
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

- 5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley.

300

8s, 7s. 8l.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !

Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise ;
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

- 2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn :
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

- 3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield :
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

- 4 Christ is risen, we are risen !
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face ;
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

- 5 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glory be to God on high ;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory ;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
To the Triune Majesty.

C. Wordsworth.

301

7s. With Alleluia.

- CHRIST, the Lord, is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark ! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia !
- 2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
We, too, sing for joy, and say
Alleluia !
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry ;
Alleluia !
- 4 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia !
- 5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven.
Alleluia !

- 6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, to-day Thy people feed ;
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 Let us sing, by night and day,
 Alleluia !

M. Weisse. Tr. C. Winkworth.

302

7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.

ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
 Death, yield up the mighty prey :
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

- 2 Shout, ye seraphs, angels, raise
 Your eternal song of praise ;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo to the blissful sound.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glory as of old to Thee,
 Now and evermore shall be.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

T. Scott and T. Gibbons.

303

L. M. 8l.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :

"Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors give way !"

- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 He claims these mansions as His right ;
 Receive the King of glory in.
 Who is the King of glory, who ?
 The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 3 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :
 " Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way."
 Who is the King of glory, who ?
 The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God, over all, for ever blest.

C. Wesley.

304

L. M. 81.

- O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
 The wine-press of the wrath of God,
 Ascend and claim again on high
 Thy glory, left for us to die.
 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
 And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy feet ;
 Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
 And share the triumph of their King.
- 2 The Angel-host enraptured waits :
 Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
 O God-and-Man, the Father's throne
 Is now for evermore Thine own.
 Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou
 Within the veil art entered now,
 To offer there Thy precious blood
 Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

- 3 And thence the church, Thy chosen bride,
 With countless gifts of grace supplied,
 Thro' all her members draws from Thee
 Her hidden life of sanctity.
 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
 Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;
 Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
 With Thee for evermore to reign.

C. Coffin. Tr. J. Chandler. Alt.

305

L. M.

- A HYMN of glory let us sing :
 New hymns throughout the world shall
 ring,
 Christ by a new and wondrous road
 Ascends unto the throne of God.
- 2 The Apostles on the mountain stand,
 The mystic mount, in Holy Land,
 And with the Virgin-Mother see
 Jesus ascend in majesty.
- 3 To whom two shining angels cry,
 "Why stand ye gazing on the sky?
 This is the Saviour, upward borne
 On this His glorious triumph-morn.
- 4 Ye see Him now, ascending high
 To seek the portals of the sky :
 Hereafter Jesus ye shall see
 Return in equal majesty."
- 5 Lord, grant that we may thither tend,
 And with unwearied hearts ascend
 Where, seated on Thy Father's throne,
 Thee reigning, King of kings, we own.
- 6 Be Thou our joy on earth, O Lord,
 Who art to be our great reward ;
 And as the countless ages flee,
 Let all our glory be in Thee.

7 All glory to the Father be,
 All glory, Jesus Christ, to Thee,
 Who didst to heaven above ascend,
 And to the Spirit, without end.

Venerable Bede (7th Cent.) Tr. Elizabeth Charles, Alt.

306

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See the Man of Sorrows now ;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow ;
 Crown Him ! Crown Him ! Crown Him !
 Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him ;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
 On the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings ;
 Crown Him ! Crown Him !
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name :
 Crown Him ! Crown Him !
 Spread abroad the victor's fame !

4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation ;
 Hark ! those loud triumphant chords.
 Jesus takes the highest station ;
 Oh, what joy the sight affords !
 Crown Him ! Crown Him !
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

T. Kelly.

307

7s. 8l.

HE is gone : a cloud of light
 Has received Him from our sight ;
 High in heav'n, where eye of men
 Follows not, nor angel's ken,

Thro' the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone : towards their goal
World and church must onward roll ;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast ;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change ;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone ; but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare ;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone ; but not in vain,
Wait until He comes again.
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere,
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find ;
To our own eternal friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. Stanley.

308

7s. With Alleluia.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Alleluia !
To His Throne above the skies.
Alleluia !

Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Alleluia !
Re-ascends His native heaven.
Alleluia !

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits :
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the King of Glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 See, He lifts His hands above ;
See, He shows the prints of love ;
Hark ! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.
- 5 Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

C. Wesley. Alt.

309

8s, 7s. 8l.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph ;
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heav'nly palace gate !
Hark ! the choirs of angel-voices
Joyful alleluias sing,

And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends,
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Caanan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heav'nly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

C. Wordsworth.

310

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
 Angel-voices ring,
 Pearly gates are opened,
 Opened for the King.
 Christ, the King of Glory,
 Jesus, King of love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His throne above.
 All His work is ended ;
 Joyfully we sing,
 Jesus hath ascended,
 Glory to our King !

- 2 He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with glory,
 At His Father's side.
 Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die ;
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Is gone up on high.
 All His work, etc.

- 3 Pleading for His children
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace,
 His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you,
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.
 All His work, etc.

F. R. Havergal.

311

S. M. 8l.

THOU art gone up on high
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.

But we are ling'ring here
With sin and care oppress'd ;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest !

2 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

E. Toke.

312

8s, 7s. 6l.

COME ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise,
Sing to Him who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days ;
God eternal, Word incarnate,
Whom the heav'n of heav'ns obeys.

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Led the Lord of life to die ;
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the throne of Calvary.

- 3 Now on these eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all bright,
Where unceasing alleluias
They upraise, the sons of light :
Zion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.
- 4 Bring your harps and bring your incense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay ;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day.
He the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.

Job Hupton. Tr. J. M. Neale.

313

8s, 7s. 6l.

- JESUS came, the heav'ns adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high ;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Came in deep humility.
- 2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care ;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Comes to save us from despair.
- 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven ;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
 Shares alike our hopes and fears ;
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears ;
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
 When the heavens shall pass away ;
 Jesus comes again in glory,
 Let us then our homage pay,
 Alleluia ! Ever singing
 Till the dawn of endless day.

G. Thring.

314

8s, 7s.

HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
 " Christ is nigh," it seems to say ;
 " Cast away the works of darkness,
 O ye children of the day ! "

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
 All the powers of darkness vanish ;
 Christ our Day-star mounts the skies.

3 Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heaven :
 Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
 One and all to be forgiven.

4 So when next He shines in glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 Not for chastening, but salvation,
 Unto us shall He appear.

5 Honor, glory, might, dominion,
 To the Father and the Son,
 With the everlasting Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

Latin (c. 5th Cent.). Tr. E. Caswall.

315

8s, 7s. 8l.

FRIEND of sinners, Lord of glory,
 Lowly, mighty, brother, King !
 Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
 Grateful we Thy praises sing :
 Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
 In whom pow'r and pity blend —
 Praise we must the grace which gave us
 Jesus Christ, the sinners' friend.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind ;
 Friend who at all times receives us,
 Friend who came the lost to find.
 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
 Loving until life shall end ;
 Then conferring bliss entrancing,
 Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend.

3 Oh, to love and serve Thee better !
 From all evil set us free ;
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter ;
 Be each thought conformed to Thee :
 Looking for Thy bright appearing,
 May our spirits upward tend ;
 Till no longer doubting, fearing,
 We behold the sinners' friend.

Newman Hall.

316

8s, 7s. 8l.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by Thy love's revealing
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
 The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing :
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
 Come and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race ;
 Come, Thou universal Saviour,
 Come and bring the gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild, pacific Prince ;
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins.
 By Thine all-restoring merit,
 Every burdened soul release,
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide unto Thy perfect peace.

C. Wesley.

317

8s, 7s. 8l.

HE is coming, He is coming,
 Not as once He came before,
 Wailing infant born in weakness
 On a lowly stable floor ;
 But upon His cloud of glory,
 In the crimson-tinted sky,
 Where we see the golden sunrise
 In the rosy distance lie.

- 2 He is coming, He is coming,
 Not as once He wandered through
 All the hostile land of Judah,
 With His followers poor and few ;
 But with all the holy angels
 Waiting round His judgment-seat,
 And the chosen twelve Apostles
 Sitting crownèd at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

C. F. Alexander.

318

8s, 7s. 8l.

LORD, Thy ransom'd Church is waking
Out of slumber far and near,
Knowing that the morn is breaking
When the Bridegroom shall appear;
Waking up to claim the treasure
With Thy precious life-blood bought,
And to trust in fuller measure
All Thy wondrous death has wrought.

2 Praise to Thee for this glad shower,
Precious drops of latter rain,
Praise, that by Thy Spirit's power
Thou hast quickened us again;
That Thy gospel's priceless treasure
Now is borne from land to land,
And that all the Father's pleasure
Prosper in Thy piercèd hand.

3 Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wand'ring throng;
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song;
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
Praise for souls believing, tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

- 4 Set our hearts, O Lord, on fire
 With the love of Thy dear name ;
 Touch our lips, our souls inspire
 Now to spread abroad Thy fame ;
 Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
 Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
 Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning ;
 Then, Lord, take Thy servants home.

Sarah G. Stock.

319

14s.

- BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the
 middle of the night,
 And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose
 lamp is burning bright ;
 But woe to that dull servant whom the
 Master shall surprise
 With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and
 with slumber in his eyes.
- 2 Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou
 in sleep sink down,
 Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose
 the golden crown ;
 But see that thou be sober, with watchful
 eyes, and thus
 Cry, " Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy
 upon us ! "
- 3 That day, the day of fear, shall come : my
 soul, slack not thy toil,
 But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and
 make it bright with oil ;
 Thou knowest not how soon may sound the
 cry at eventide,
 " Behold, the Bridegroom comes ! Arise !
 Go forth to meet the Bride ! "

- 4 Beware, my soul ! take thou good heed lest
 thou in slumber lie,
 And, like the five, remain without, and
 knock, and vainly cry ;
 But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed,
 and Christ shall gird thee on
 His own bright wedding-robe of light, —
 the glory of the Son.

(Greek.) Tr G. Moultrie.

320

8,7,8,7,8,8,7.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created ;
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 And greet th' archangel's warning,
 To meet the Saviour in the skies
 On this auspicious morning :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
 The lightnings are prevailing ;
 Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing ;
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 They shake before the Judge's throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
 Repress thy flight too daring ;
 One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
 The Judge my nature wearing.

Beneath His cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

B. Ringwaldt and W. B. Collyer.

321

P. M. 8,7,8,8,7,7,7,7,7.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
 Thou art coming, O my King,
 In Thy beauty all resplendent,
 In Thy glory all transcendent;
 Well may we rejoice and sing:
 Coming! In the opening east
 Herald brightness slowly swells:
 Coming! O my glorious Priest,
 Hear we not Thy golden bells?

- 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 All our hearts could never say;
 What an anthem that will be
 Ringing out our love to Thee,
 Pouring out our rapture sweet
 At Thine own all-glorious feet.
- 3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
 We are witnesses for this;
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss,
 Showing not Thy death alone,
 And Thy love exceeding great,
 But Thy coming and Thy throne,
 All for which we long and wait.
- 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail,
 Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.

Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure ;
 Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience can endure.

- 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own belovèd Lord ;
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing
 Brought to Thee with one accord,
 Thee, my master, and my friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned !

F. R. Havergal.

322

6s. 8l.

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh ;
 Now breathes a softer air,
 Now shines a milder sky ;
 The early trees put forth
 Their new and tender leaf ;
 Hushed is the moaning wind
 That told of winter's grief.

- 2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh ;
 Now mount the laden clouds,
 Now flames the darkening sky ;
 The early scattered drops
 Descend with heavy fall,
 And to the waiting earth
 The hidden thunders call.

- 3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh ;
 Oh, note the varying signs
 Of earth, and air, and sky ;

The God of glory comes
 In gentleness and might,
 To comfort and alarm,
 To succor and to smite.

- 4 He comes, the wide world's King ;
 He comes, the true heart's friend,
 New gladness to begin,
 And ancient wrong to end ;
 He comes, to fill with light
 The weary waiting eye.
 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. Lynch.

323

P. M.

WAKE, awake, for night is flying :
 The watchmen on the heights are crying,
 Awake, Jerusalem, arise !
 Midnight's solemn hour is tolling :
 His chariot wheels are nearer rolling ;
 He comes ; prepare, ye virgins wise.
 Rise up, with willing feet
 Go forth, the Bridegroom meet :
 Alleluia !

Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd
 light,
 Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

- 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
 Her heart with deep delight is springing,
 She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;
 Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,
 In grace arrayed, by truth victorious.
 Her star is risen, her light is come :
 All hail, Incarnate Lord,
 Our crown, and our reward !
 Alleluia !

We haste along, in pomp of song,
 And gladsome join the marriage throng.

- 3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
 And men and angels sing before Thee,
 With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
 By the pearly gates in wonder
 We stand and swell the voice of thunder,
 That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
 No visions ever brought,
 No ear hath ever caught,
 Such bliss and joy :
 We raise the song, we swell the throng,
 To praise Thee ages all along.

P. Nicolai. Tr. C. Winkworth.

324

7s, 6s. 8l.

- REJOICE, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear ;
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near.
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon He draweth nigh ;
 Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle :
 At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil ;
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of earthly toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With alleluias clear.
- 3 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear ;
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere.
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee.

L. Laurenti. Tr. S. B. Findlater.

325

S. M.

COME, Lord, and tarry not ;
Bring the long-looked-for day.
O why these years of waiting here, —
These ages of delay ?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait ;
Daily ascends their sigh ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, " Come : "
Dost Thou not hear the cry ?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow ;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

5 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God !

6 Come and make all things new ;
Build up this ruined earth ;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

7 Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

H. Bonar.

326

8,7,8,7,4,7.

Lo ! HE comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train :
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear ;
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air :
 Alleluia !
 See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne ;
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own :
 Alleluia !
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.
C. Wesley. J. Cennick. Arr. Alt. M. Madan.

327

8,7,8,7,4,7.

O'ER the distant mountains breaking
 Comes the redd'ning dawn of day ;
 Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
 Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray ;
 'Tis Thy Saviour,
 On His bright returning way.

- 2 O Thou long-expected, weary
 Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
 Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
 Where Thy light I do not see ;
 O my Saviour,
 When wilt Thou return to me ?
- 3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
 Spent the night, the day at hand ;
 Keep me in my lowly station,
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,
 O my Saviour,
 In Thy bright, Thy promised land.
- 4 With my lamp well trimm'd and burning,
 Swift to hear and slow to roam,
 Watching for Thy glad returning
 To restore me to my home.
 Come, my Saviour,
 Thou hast promised : quickly come.
J. S. B. Monsell.

328

8s. 6l.

- Oh, quickly come, dread Judge of all ;
 For, awful though Thine advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :
 Oh, quickly come ; for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.
- 2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all,
 Reign all around us, and within ;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
 Oh, quickly come ; for Thou alone
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.
- 3 Oh, quickly come, true life of all ;
 For death is mighty all around ;
 On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found :

Oh, quickly come ; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

- 4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all ;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day :
Oh, quickly come ; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. Tuttle.

329

C. M. 8l.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.
Come, blessed Lord ! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

- 2 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In mem'ry of Thy love.
Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine :
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine !

E. Denny.

330

8s, 7s. 8l.

ALLELUIA ! sing to Jesus ;
His the sceptre, His the throne ;
Alleluia ! His the triumph,
His the victory alone :
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood ;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

2 Alleluia ! not as orphans
 Are we left in sorrow now ;
 Alleluia ! He is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how.
 Though the cloud from sight received Him,
 When the forty days were o'er,
 Shall our hearts forget His promise,
 " I am with you evermore " ?

3 Alleluia ! Bread of heaven,
 Thou on earth our food, our stay !
 Alleluia ! here the sinful
 Flee to Thee from day to day :
 Intercessor, friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

W. C. Dix.

331

8s, 7s. 8l.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
 May a mortal sing Thy name ?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and endless praise.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
 For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought ;
 For Thy providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
 Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

- 3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

R. Robinson.

332

8s, 7s. 8l.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merit we find favor;
Life is given thro' Thy name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.
J. Bakewell — M. Madan — A. M. Toplady.

333

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all !

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all !

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all !

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all !

- 5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call ;
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 7 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 8 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

E. Perronet ; J. Rippon.

334

C. M.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus ;"
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
" For He was slain for us."
 - 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.
 - 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. Watts.

335

C. M.

- HOSANNA ! Raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord ;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt th' Incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free :
Thy blood, our life ; Thy word, our feast ;
Thy name, our only plea.
- 3 Hosanna, Master ! lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 4 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

W. H. Havergal.

336

C. M.

- To OUR Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song ;
Oh, may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue !
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display ;
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude, and joy ;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.
- 4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

A. Steele.

337

C. M.

- O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free.
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid,
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 Oh, may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare ;
Oh, may we come before Thy throne
And find acceptance there !
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward ;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

Latin (7th or 8th Cent.) Tr. J. Chandler.

338

C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's throne ;
Prepare new honors for His name
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on Thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

I. Watts.

339

C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives
And ever prays for me ;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head ;
He brings salvation near ;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

- 3 He wills that I should holy be :
What can withstand His will ?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word :
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

C. Wesley.

340

C. M.

- THE Head that once was crown'd with
thorns
Is crown'd with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him :
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly.

C. M.

341

- THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are open'd wide ;
The King of glory is gone up,
Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven ;
- 4 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be :
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

C. F. Alexander.

342

6,6,6,6,8,8.

- COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest pow'r exert
To celebrate His fame :
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

- 2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What He endured, oh who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell ?
- 3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead ;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led ;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.
- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love ;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve :
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give ,
The gift, though small, do Thou receive !

S. Stennett.

343

6,6,6,6,8,8.

- REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore !
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart ; lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love :
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart ; lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !
- 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.

Lift up your heart ; lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope.
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound ;—Rejoice !
C. Wesley, J. Taylor.

344

8,7,8,7,7,7.

- HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and Heav'n rejoices,—
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yonder throne :
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 King of glory, reign forever !
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
own —
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face !
- 3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
“Glory, glory to our King !”

T. Kelly.

345

8,7,8,7,7,7.

Who is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiments stained with blood ;
To the slave proclaiming freedom ;
Bringing and bestowing good :

Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'T is the Saviour; oh how glorious
To is people His the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'T is the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

T. Kelly.

346

6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye His name:
Angels His name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name:
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear name abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Join all the human race
 Our Lord and God to bless,
 Praise ye His name :
 In Him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 And say with heart and voice,
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "

4 Though we must change our place,
 Our souls shall never cease
 Praising His name :
 To Him we'll tribute bring,
 Laud Him, our gracious King,
 And, without ceasing, sing,
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "

J. Allen.

347

7, 7, 7, 5.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
 Taught by Thee we covet most
 Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
 Holy heavenly Love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
 Love than death itself more strong ;
 Therefore, give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day ;
 Love will ever with us stay ;
 Therefore, give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight ;
 Hope be emptied in delight ;
 Love in heaven will shine more bright ;
 Therefore, give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing,
Holy heavenly Love.

C. Wordsworth.

348

C. M.

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh come, great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

3 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

4 Spirit divine, attend our prayers ;
Make a lost world Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh come, great Spirit, come !

A. Reed.

349

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come !
Let Thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.
- J. Hart. Alt. A. M. Toplady.*

350

S. M.

- LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide ;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified !

J. Montgomery.

351

8,8,6.

To THEE, O Comforter divine,
For all Thy grace and pow'r benign,
Sing we Alleluia !

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia !

3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia !

4 To Thee, whose faithful pow'r doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia !

5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia !

6 To Thee, our teacher and our friend,
Our faithful leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia !

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia !

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia !

F. R. Havergal.

352

7s.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shade of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

A. Reed.

353

7s. 6l.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of light,
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou light of all that live!

2 Thou of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou, in toil, art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:

If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

- 4 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess, and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them comfort when they die:
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

Robert II. of France. Tr. E. Caswall.

354

8,6,8,4.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere
He breathed His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each
fear,
And speaks of heaven.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. Auber.

355

L. M.

COME, O Creator Spirit blest !
And in our souls take up Thy rest ;
Come, with Thy grace and heav'nly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

- 2 Great Paraclete ! to Thee we cry :
O highest gift of God most high !
O fount of life ! O fire of love !
And sweet anointing from above !
- 3 Our senses touch with light and fire ;
Our hearts with charity inspire ;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 4 Far back our enemy repel,
And let Thy peace within us dwell ;
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.
- 5 O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

Anon. (Latin 10th Cent.) Tr. E. Caswall.

356

L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, descend, and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength ;
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ His
Son.

I. Watts.

357

L. M.

- Oh, grant us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give ;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.
- 2 Oh, grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.
- 3 Oh, grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.
- 4 Oh, grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.
- 5 Oh, grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttielt.

358

L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose our way ;
Plant holy fear within each heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to God ; our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

S. Brown. Alt.

359

7,7,7,5.

- COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost the infinite,
Comforter divine.
- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord ;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford ;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.
- 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.
- 4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.
- 5 In us, " Abba, Father," cry ;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

6 Search for 'us the depths of God ;
 Upwards, by the starry road,
 Bear us to Thy high abode,
 Comforter divine.

G. Rawson.

360

L. M. 6l.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every humble mind ;
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete !
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe ;
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's Name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Tr. J. Dryden. Alt. and Ab.

361

C. M.

O HOLY Ghost, Thy people bless,
 Who long to feel Thy might ;
 And fain would grow in holiness,
 As children of the light.

2 To Thee we bring, who art the Lord,
Ourselves to be Thy throne ;
Let every thought, and deed, and word
Thy pure dominion own.

3 Life-giving Spirit, o'er us move,
As on the formless deep ;
Give life and order, light and love,
Where now is death or sleep.

4 Great gift of our ascended King,
His saving truth reveal ;
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,
Our hearts His love to feel.

H. W. Baker.

362

C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

I. Watts.

363

C. M.

WHEN God of old came down from heav'n,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riv'n,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 Come, Lord, come wisdom, love, and pow'r,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

J. Keble.

364

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise :
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great ?
- 6 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. Watts.

365

6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

- COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray :
Divinely good Thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart :
Oh come to-day !
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know ;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow ;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow ;
Cheer us this hour.
- 3 Come, Light, serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast ;

We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

- 4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound ;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

- 5 Come, all the faithful bless ;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Latin (13th Cent.) Tr. R. Palmer.

366

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

- 2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
 Move on the waters' face
 Spreading the beams of grace,
 And, in earth's darkest place,
 Let there be light !

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might ;
 Boundless as ocean's tide
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the world, far and wide,
 Let there be light !

J. Marriott.

367

7s, 6s. 8l.

O WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky ;
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallow'd page,
 A lantern to our foot-steps,
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world ;

It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

- 4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old ;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

W. W. How.

368

78.

SPREAD, oh, spread, Thou mighty word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

- 2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world and keeps it still ;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for Thee the nations long :
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.
- 4 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee ;
Let the nations, far and near,
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

J. F. Bahnmaier. Tr. C. Winkworth.

369

7s, 6s. 8l.

THE heav'ns declare Thy glory,
The firmament Thy pow'r ;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour ;
Night unto night replying
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying,
The wonders of Thy hand.

- 2 The sun with royal splendor
Goes forth to chant Thy praise ;
And moonbeams soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise :
O'er ev'ry tribe and nation
That music strange is poured ;
The song of all creation
To Thee, creation's Lord.
- 3 How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts Thou hast given !
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven ;
How pure, how soul-restoring
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day !
- 4 Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness
Rejoice the humble heart ;
And guilty fear and sadness
From contrite souls depart :
Thy word hath richer treasure
Than dwells within the mine,
And sweetness beyond measure
Attends Thy voice divine.
- 5 Oh who can make confession
Of every secret sin ;
Or keep from all transgression
His spirit pure within ?

But let me never boldly
From Thy commands depart,
Or render to Thee coldly
The service of my heart.

- 6 All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will ;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound Thy praises still :
So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to Thee.

T. R. Birks.

370

8,8,7,8,8,7.

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospel shrined ;
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

- 2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden,
Planted by our Saviour dear :
Christ the fountain, these the waters ;
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find salvation here.
- 3 Here our souls, by Jesus sated,
More and more shall be translated
Earth's temptations far above :
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,
Soaring on angelic pinion,
They shall reach the source of love.
- 4 Then shall thanks and praise ascending,
For Thy mercies without ending,
Rise to Thee, O Saviour blest :

With Thy gracious aid defend us ;
Let Thy guiding light attend us ;
Bring us to Thy place of rest.

Adam of St. Victor. Tr. R. Campbell.

371

C. M.

FATHER of mercies ! in Thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near ;
Teach them to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

A. Steele.

372

C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

W. Cowper.

373

C. M.

- How PRECIOUS is the book divine,
By inspiration given :
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod ;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.
- 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

- 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

J. Fawcett.

374

C. M.

- LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray,
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way.
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky :
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing
bark,
Our anchor and our stay :
- 4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

B. Barton.

375

C. M. 8l.

- THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.
The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

3 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.
The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But, where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

4 One Name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
The Spirit's viewless way.

5 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble.

376

L. M.

GOD, in the Gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known ;
'T is here His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

- 2 Here, sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains ;
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord !
To read and mark Thy Holy Word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

B. Beddome. Alt. T. Cotterill.

377

6s.

LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us ;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!
- 6 Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee!

H. W. Baker.

378

7s, 6s. 8l.

- "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife,
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. C. Dix.

379

L. M.

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart
And humbly follow after Me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine
arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest.

380

L. M.

God calling yet ! shall I not hear ?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumber lie ?

2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay ?
 He calls me still ; can I delay ?

3 God calling yet ! and shall He knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock ?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve ?

4 God calling yet ! and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live ?
 I wait, but He does not forsake ;
 He calls me still : my heart, awake !

5 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;
 My heart I yield without delay.
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part ;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.
G. Tersteegen. Tr. S. B. Findlater.

381

S. M.

THE Spirit in our hearts
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
 The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
 To all His children, "Come."

2 Let him that heareth, say
 To all about him, "Come ;"
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness
 To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life :
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, "I quickly come ;"
 Lord, even so ; I wait Thine hour ;
 Jesus, my Saviour, come.

H. U. Onderdonk.

382

L. M.

BEHOLD, the Master passeth by !
 Oh seest thou not His pleading eye ?
 With low sad voice He calleth thee,
 "Leave this vain world and follow Me."

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
 Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare ?
 From earthly toils lift up thine eye ;
 Behold, the Master passeth by !

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
 And straightway left all things below,
 Counting his earthly gain as loss
 For Jesus and His blessed cross.

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
 Seemed every day afresh to hear ;
 Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
 And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God gently calls us every day :
 Why should we then our bliss delay ?
 Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me, —
 I will leave all, and follow Thee.

W. W. How (verses 4, 5, all. fr. T. Ken).

383

7s.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make My paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;
- 4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. A. L. Barbould.

384

7s.

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word :
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be ;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

W. Cowper.

385

7s. 8l.

SINNERS, turn! Why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why,
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live.
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why,
God, who did your souls retrieve,
God, who died that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify the Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why,
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Woodyou to embrace His love.

Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

C. Wesley.

386

8, 5, 8, 3.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and, coming,
Be at rest.”

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.”

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes.”

J. M. Neale.

387

7s. 6l.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on my ravished ear :
 " Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 " Spread for thee, the festal board
 See with richest dainties stored ;
 To Thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Yet again a child confessed,
 Never from His house to roam :
 Come and welcome, sinner, come ! "

3 " Soon the days of life shall end ;
 Lo, I come, your Saviour, friend,
 Safe your spirit to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to My eternal home :
 Come and welcome, sinner, come ! "

T. Haweis.

388

7s, 6s. 8l.

TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
 To wash away our sin,
 However great our trespass,
 Whatever we have been ;
 However long from mercy
 Our hearts have turned away,
 Thy precious blood can cleanse us,
 And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
 And all who enter in
 Shall find a Father's welcome,
 And pardon for their sin.

The past shall be forgotten,
 A present joy be given,
 A future grace be promised,
 A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
 His Holy Spirit waits ;
 His blessèd angels gather
 Around the heavenly gates.
 No question will be asked us
 How often we have come ;
 Although we oft have wandered,
 It is our Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy !
 O ever-open door !
 What should we do without Thee
 When heart and eyes run o'er ?
 When all things seem against us,
 To drive us to despair,
 We know one gate is open,
 One ear will hear our prayer.

O. Allen.

389

7s, 6s. 8l.

WE stand in deep repentance
 Before Thy throne of love ;
 O God of grace, forgive us,
 The stain of guilt remove ;
 Behold us while with weeping
 We lift our eyes to Thee,
 And, all our sins subduing,
 Our Father, set us free.

2 O shouldst Thou from us, fallen,
 Withhold Thy grace to guide,
 Forever we should wander
 From Thee, and peace, aside ;

But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

- 3 Our souls — on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou !
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Tr. R. Palmer.

390

7s. 6l.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly :
Wash me, Saviour, or I die ?

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. M. Toplady.

391

6, 6, 6, 4, 8, 8, 4.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God !
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died :
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy piercèd side.

- 2 Behold the Lamb of God !
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast ;
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

- 3 Behold the Lamb of God !
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest ;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us, with all Thy blessèd saints,
Eternal rest.

- 4 Behold the Lamb of God !
Worthy is He alone
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above ;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

M. Bridges.

392

7s.

PRINCE of Peace, control my will ;
Bid this struggling heart be still ;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease ;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God.
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,
May Thy will and mine be one ;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all !
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

M. S. B. Shindler.

393

C. M.

JESUS, Thou art the sinner's friend :
As such I look to Thee ;
Now, in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee ;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free ;
Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
I pray, remember me.

R. Burnham.

394

8,6,8,8,6.

ETERNAL Light ! eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee !

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam ?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode, —
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above :
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

T. Binney.

395

S. M.

OH CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

396

8,6,8,8,6.

O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
Find rest except in Thee ?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
And Thine the victory.

2 How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of life, to die ?
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's power,
Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour,
Endure such agony ?

3 To save us by Thy precious blood,
To make us one in Thee,
That ours might be Thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, Thy cross, Thy strife,
And ours the victory.

4 Oh, make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all Thy love to be ;
To Thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be Thine,
And ever live in Thee.

C. E. May.

397

6,6,6,6,8,8.

THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart ;
They tell me all is done ;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee ?

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee ?

3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due ;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee ?

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me ;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee ?

H. Bonar.

398

6,6,6,6,8,8.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley.

399

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper.

400

C. M.

- O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
My rock and hiding place,
By storms of sin and sorrow toss'd,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry,
Pursued by foes, I come ;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain ;
There danger never, never harms,
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

E. H. Bickersteth.

401

C. M.

- LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee ?
O height, O depth of love !
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with Thee above.
- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery, one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee ;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were
Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art ;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor
height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

J. G. Deck.

402

C. M. 8l.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry.
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

2 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

3 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have.

Mercy, O Lord, we mercy ask,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come !

J. Markant. Alt. R. Heber.

403

C. M.

WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. Alt.

404

7s.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

- 2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare ;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up!"
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love : I know, I feel :
Jesus lives and loves me still.

C. Wesley.

405

7s. 8l.

- SAVIOUR ! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany !
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour,
Of the insulting tempter's power :
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany !
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;

By the anguished sigh that told ;
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany !

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany !

5 By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God :
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany !

R. Grant.

406

L. M.

WITH broken heart, and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free ;
O God, be merciful to me !

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ;
Christ and His Cross my only plea ;
O God, be merciful to me !

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But Thou dost all my anguish see ;
O God, be merciful to me !

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee ;
O God, be merciful to me !

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me !

C. Elven.

407

7s, 6s. 8l.

O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er :
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear :
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there !

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking :
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred :
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate ?

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
" I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door :
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

W. W. How.

408

7s, 6s. 8l.

I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life ! from Thee ;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me ;
I know no death, O Jesus !
Because I live in Thee ;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me :
If Thou, my God and teacher ;
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord ! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
That Thou my Saviour art ;
Without Thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost ;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tost.

(German) C. J. P. Spitta. Tr. R. Massie.

409

7s, 6s. 8l.

O JESUS, our Salvation,
Low at Thy cross we lie ;
Lord, in Thy great compassion,
Hear our bewailing cry.
We come to Thee with mourning.
We come to Thee in woe ;
With contrite hearts returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
We spread our sins before Thee,
We tell them one by one ;
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary ;
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone,
O Priest ! O spotless Offering,
Plead for us, and atone.

J. Hamilton.

410

L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's friend ! to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole ;
I cannot rest till Thou art mine,
Until in me Thine image shine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee ;
Here then, to Thee, I all resign ;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

4 What can I say, Thy grace to move ?
Lord ! I am sin, but Thou art love ;
I give up every plea beside ;
Lord ! I'm condemned, but Thou hast died.

C. Wesley.

411

L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. Elliott.

412

7, 7, 7, 5.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

- 2 Mighty monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.

R. Heber.

413

7,7,7,5.

- God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place ;
Hear, forgive and save.
- 2 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill :
Lord, accept and save.
 - 3 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold ;
Lord, forgive and save.
 - 4 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free :
Hear, forgive and save.

Eliza F. Morris.

414

S. M.

OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee ;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame.
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee ;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow ;
Be merciful to me.

H. W. Baker.

415

7s. 3l.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.
- 7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.

I. Williams.

416

7s. 3l.

- HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.
- 2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made ;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.
- 3 Helpless, none can help me now ;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou ;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.
- 4 Thou the true physician art ;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.
- 5 Other comforters are gone ;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

G. Thring.

417

8s, 7s. 8l.

- TAKE my heart, O Father, take it,
Make and keep it all Thine own ;
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it —
This proud heart of sin and stone.

Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

- 2 Ever let Thy grace surround me ;
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound me ;
Make me to be wholly Thine.
May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven ;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

Anon.

418

8s, 7s. 8l.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me,
Take me, save me, through Thy Son ;
That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.
Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod ;
Weary come I now, and praying
Take me to Thy love, my God.

- 2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin ;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine ;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

- 3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree ;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

Father, take me ; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast ;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

R. Palmer.

419

7s, 6s. 9l.

THE way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare,
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burden,
More desolate Thy way :
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us !

2 The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light ;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day :
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us !

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear ;
We dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease :
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
O give to us Thy peace !

A. A. Procter.

420

8,8,8,6.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me !

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me.

C. Elliott.

421

8,8,8,6.

His are the thousand sparkling rills
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills,
And yet he saith, "I thirst."

2 All fiery pangs on battle-fields.
On fever-beds where sick ones toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then,
Was the deep longing thirst divine,
That thirsted for the souls of men ;
Dear Lord ! and one was mine.

4 O Love most patient, give me grace ;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee :
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst was all for me.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

422

P. M.

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, oh hear my wailing !
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing.
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
Oh deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee ?

2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving ;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living :
None guiltless in Thy sight appear ;
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy.

3 Thou canst be merciful while just, —
This is my hope's foundation ;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation.
Shielded by Thee, I stand secure ;
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.

4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.

So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
And he shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.

- 5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
By grace they are exceeded ;
Thy helping hand is always found
With aid, where aid is needed :
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon his transgression.

M. Luther. Tr. New Cong. H. B.

423

10s.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heav'n and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home ;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
" Come."

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land ?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear ?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw
me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly
way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
" Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed
from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me
near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

- 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly
wild,
And made me heir of heav'n, the Father's
child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may
live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will
give.
- 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious
dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great re-
ward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden
crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
down.
- 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I
owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. Stone.

424

S. M.

- BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

- 3 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 Our faith shall Abba, Father ! cry,
 And Thou the kindred own.

I. Watts.

425

7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

- BENEATH the cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand,
 The shadow of a mighty rock
 Within a weary land ;
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From the burning of the noon-tide heat
 And the burden of the day.
- 2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of one
 Who suffered there for me.
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 These wonders I confess, —
 The wonder of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.
- 3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding-place ;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face ;

Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

E. C. Clephane.

426

8,7,8,7,4,7.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heav'n Thy gracious ear ;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear :
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

- 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
 In the awful judgment day,
 May our souls, on Thee relying,
 Find Thee still our hope and stay :
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord.

J. J. Cummins.

427

7s, 6s. 8l.

- O LAMB of God, still keep me
 Near to Thy wounded side ;
 'Tis only there in safety
 And peace I can abide.
 What foes and snares surround me !
 What doubts and fears within !
 The grace that sought and found me
 Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
 I feel my life secure ;
 Only in Thee abiding
 The conflict can endure.
 Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hurtful foe ;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth
 In all its care and woe.
- 3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
 With rapture, face to face ;
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all Thy power and grace :
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of Thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all Thy saints above.

J. G. Deck.

428

L. M. 6l.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

J. Addison.

429

L. M.

LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

S. Davies.

430

S. M.

- Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts.

431

S. M

- YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee :
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

A. M. Toplady.

432

L. M.

- LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates !
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side ;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.
- 3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest ;
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes.
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

5 Redeemer, come ; I open wide
My heart to Thee : here, Lord, abide.
Let me Thy inner presence feel ;
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 So come, my Sovereign ! enter in ;
Let new and nobler life begin ;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious goal be won.

G. Weissel. Tr. C. Winkworth. Alt.

433

S. M.

JESUS, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come ;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best ;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

H. Harbaugh.

434

C. M. 6l

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see :
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

A. L. Waring. Alt.

435

L. M. 6l.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine ;

And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love ;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war, my peace, in loss, my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame, my glory and my crown ;

4 In want, my plentiful supply,
In weakness, my almighty power,
In bonds, my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour,
In grief, my joy unspeakable,—
My life in death, my all in all.

C. Wesley.

436

C. M. 6l.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

2 'T is mercy all that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see :
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend !

3 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there ;
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say
 "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

G. Tersteegen. Tr. J. Wesley.

437

6,4,6,4,6,6,4.

Thy love to me, O Christ,
 Thy love to me,
 Not mine to Thee, I plead,
 Not mine to Thee :
 This is my comfort strong,
 This is my only song,
 Thy love to me.

2 Thy record I believe,
 Thy word to me ;
 Thy love I now receive,
 Full, changeless, free,—
 Love from the sinless Son,
 Love to the sinful one,
 Thy love to me.

3 Immortal love of Thine,
 Thy sacrifice,
 Infinite need of mine
 Only supplies.
 Streams of divinest power,
 Flow to me, hour by hour,
 Thy love to me.

- 4 Let me more clearly trace,
 Thy love to me,
 See in the Father's face,
 His love to Thee ;
 Know as He loves the Son,
 So dost Thou love Thine own
 Thy love to me.

Mrs. M. E. Gates.

438

L. M.

- My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
 To every service I can pay,
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear Thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end,
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a friend ?
- 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
 To Him who for my ransom died ;
 Nor could the bowers of Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more ;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His dying love, His saving power.

P. Doddridge.

439

6,4,6,4,6,6,4.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
 More love to Thee !
 Hear Thou the pray'r I make
 On bended knee.
 This is my earnest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee,
 More love to Thee !

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek ;
Give what is best ;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise ;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

E. P. Prentiss.

440

6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4.

NEARER, O God, to Thee !
Hear Thou my pray'r ;
E'en though a heavy cross
Fainting I bear,
Still all my pray'r shall be,
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

- 2 If where they led my Lord,
I too am borne,
Planting my steps in His,
Weary and worn ;

There even let me be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

3 If thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip
From the draught shrink ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights
Let me be found ;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

5 And when thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling-place,
In Thy bright home !
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

W. W. How.

441

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee ;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

- 2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to Thee.
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart,
 Likeness to Thee,
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for Thee.
- 4 All that I am and have,
 Thy gifts so free,
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 O Lord, for Thee !
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps.

442

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

- NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;

Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

S. F. Adams.

443

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;

As Thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll ;
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul !

R. Palmer.

444

10s.

I LIFT my heart to Thee, Saviour divine,
 For Thou art all to me, and I am Thine.
 Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
 That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His" ?

2 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things
 owe ;
 All that I have and am, and all I know.
 All that I have is now no longer mine,
 And I am not mine own ; Lord, I am Thine.

3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest
 hour
 From Thee ; or gathered gold, or any power ?
 Why should I keep one precious thing from
 Thee,
 When Thou hast given Thine own dear self
 for me ?

4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie.

445

8,8,6,8,8,6.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms !

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice.

446

8s, 7s.

COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount ; I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love !

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart ; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson.

447

7s.

SOLDIERS who to Christ belong,
Trust ye in His word, be strong ;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards for aye endure.

2 His no crowns that pass away ;
 His no palm that sees decay ;
 His the joy that shall not fade :
 His the light that knows no shade :

3 His the home for spirits blest,
 Where He gives them peaceful rest,
 Far above the starry skies,
 In the bliss of Paradise.

4 Here on earth ye can but clasp
 Things that perish in the grasp ;
 Lift your hearts, then, to the skies,
 God Himself shall be your prize.

5 Praise we now with saints at rest
 Father, Son, and Spirit blest ;
 For His promises are sure,
 His rewards shall aye endure.

Anon. Tr. I. Williams ; recast in The Hymnary.

448

7s.

HOLY Father, hear my cry ;
 Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear ;
 Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh ;
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2 Father, save me from my sin ;
 Saviour, I Thy mercy crave :
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love ;
 Saviour, fill my soul with peace ;
 Spirit, come my heart to move ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
 One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All Thy grace within me now ;
 Be my Father and my God.

H. Bonar.

449

8,8,8,6.

O HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !

C. Elliott. Alt.

450

7s.

SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move ;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace ;
Learning how to love from Thee ;
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy ;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

J. E. Leeson.

451

7s.

THINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever ! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
Oh, defend us to the end !

3 Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife :
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever ! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever ! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied ;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

M. F. Maude.

452

7s.

LORD, for ever at Thy side
 Let my place and portion be;
 Strip me of the robe of pride,
 Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive,
 All Thy Spirit hath revealed ;
 Thou hast spoken ; I believe,
 Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
 Weanèd from the mother's breast,
 By no subtleties beguiled,
 On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel now and evermore,
 In the Lord Jehovah trust !
 Him, in all His ways, adore,
 Wise, and wonderful, and just.

J. Montgomery.

453

7s. 8l.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise ;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love ;
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King ;
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee ;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold ;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.

- 3 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne ;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store ;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal.

454

7s. 8l.

- LOVE of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine,
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid,
Lift Thou up my fainting head ;
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillowed on Thy loving breast.
- 2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me ;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place ;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour :
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.
- 3 Thou has wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy :
Love of Jesus all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

F. Bottome.

455

8s, 7s. 8l.

- JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee ;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heav'n are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me :
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
Come disaster, scorn and pain !
In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father ;
I have stayed my heart on Thee :
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine,
 What a Saviour died to win thee :
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

- 6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte.

456

P. M. 8, 5, 8, 3.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 Trusting only Thee !
 Trusting Thee for full salvation,
 Great and free.

- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
 At Thy feet I bow ;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now.

- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the crimson flood ;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.

- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me ;
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.

- 5 I am trusting Thee for power,
 Thine can never fail ;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.

- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ;
 Never let me fall ;
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.

F. R. Havergal.

457

8,8,8,6.

GOD of my life, Thy boundless grace
 Chose, pardoned, and adopted me ;
 My rest, my home, my dwelling-place ;
 Father, I come to Thee.

- 2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield,
 Whose precious blood was shed for me,
 Into Thy hands my soul I yield :
 Saviour, I come to Thee.

- 3 Spirit of glory and of God,
 Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be ;
 Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed :
 My God, I come to Thee.

- 4 I come to join that countless host
 Who praise Thy name unceasingly ;
 Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 My God, I come to Thee.

C. Elliott.

458

6s. 6l.

THY life was giv'n for me,
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
 That I might ransom'd be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 Thy life was giv'n for me :
 What have I giv'n for Thee ?

- 2 Long years were spent for me
 In weariness and woe,

That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me :
Have I spent one for Thee ?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me :
Have I left aught for Thee ?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me :
What have I brought to Thee ?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent !
Thou gavest Thyself for me ;
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. Havergal.

459

7,7,7,7,8,8,8,8.

PART I.

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation —
On His altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

PART II.

- 2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas ! too long unpaid ;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought —
Long withheld, we now restore them
On Thy holy altar pour them :
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !
- 3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings —
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

PART III.

- 4 Pleasant food and garb of pride,
Put for conscience' sake aside ;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended —
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !
- 5 Loveless life and joyless mood,
Chill of cold ingratitude,
When the world doth Christ betray
Following too far away,
Sins which in the daily trial
Lead too often to denial,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them :
Christ, atone for ! God, forgive them !

PART IV.

- 6 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within ;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer —
Lost too long, while we deplore them,
Jesus, plead for ! God, restore them !
- 7 Beamings of the gentle face,
Overflowing gifts of grace,
More of that deep consciousness
Of a changeless will to bless,
Which bestows the best assurance
Of Eternal Love's endurance —
Lost too often, we deplore them ;
Jesus, plead for ! God, restore them !

PART V.

- 8 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart ;
Worship fervent, deep, and high,
Adoration, ecstasy ;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender —
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !
- 9 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, holy ! holy ! holy !
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

J. S. B. Monsell.

460

7s, 6s. 8l.

IN heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L. Waring.

461

7s, 6s. 8l.

TO THEE, O dear, dear Saviour !
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favor,
My pillow on Thy breast ;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour mine.

- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies ;
O Thou whose mercy found me
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.
- 3 My grief is in the dullness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fullness
Of all Thou wouldst impart ;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.
- 4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me !
Oh, for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.
- 5 Oh, for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above ;
Oh, for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose !

J. S. B. Monsell.

462

8s, 7s. 8l.

HARK ! the voice of Jesus crying,
" Who will go and work to-day ?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away ?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee ;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
" Here am I, send me, send me " ?

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door ;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels;
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
" There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly when He calleth —
" Here am I, send me, send me."

D March.

463

P. M. 11,10,11,6.

STILL will we trust, tho' earth seem dark
 and dreary,
 And the heart faint beneath His chast'-
 ning rod,
 Tho' rough and steep our pathway, worn
 and weary,
 Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
 And our blind choosing brings us grief and
 pain ;
 Through Him alone who hath our way
 appointed,
 We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak pre-
 ferring
 Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast
 designed ;
 Choose for us, God : Thy wisdom is unerring,
 And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
 Accept the hardship, shrink not from the
 loss ;
 Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
 Our crown beyond the cross!

W. H. Burleigh.

464

8s,7s.

YES, for me, for me He careth
 With a brother's tender care ;
 Yes, with me, with me He shareth
 Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day ;
 Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
 From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above ;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth ;
I in Him, and He in me !
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven ;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

H. Bonar.

465

C. M.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

M. Bridges.

466

7s, 6s.

IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be!

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
Myself and my possessions
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus ;
Oh make my heart Thy throne :
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything ;
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King.
F. R. Havergal.

467

8s, 7s.

AH! the heart that has forsaken
All things to secure the one,
In the secret of its chambers
Finds the joy of heaven begun.

2 Ah! the heart that is contented
Nought to know save God alone,
In the fullness of his blessing
Finds a peace before unknown.

3 Ah! the heart that once is bathèd
In salvation's boundless sea,
In its waters drops the burden
Of a life-time's misery.

4 Oh ! that thus we could surrender
 Worldly pomp, and pride, and show,
 Seeking Him in whom is centered
 All of good that man can know.

5 Oh that thus His blessèd presence
 In our hearts we here enjoyed !
 For without Him all is dreary,
 Earth is dark, and vain, and void.

6 Oh ! Thou Fount of every blessing
 Draw us, by the cross, till we,
 Heart and soul and will and spirit,
 Are forever one with Thee !
Anon. German. Tr. Mrs. S. Findlater.

468

8,8,6,8,8,6.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine ;
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne ;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all his glories known.

- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face ;
 Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

S. Medley.

469

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee ?
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length and breadth and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
 Oh, that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.
- 4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 5 Thy only love do I require,
 Nothing in earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heaven above ;
 Let earth and heaven and all things go ;
 Give me Thy only love to know,
 Give me Thy only love.

C. Wesley.

470

8,8,8,8,6.

- O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee ;
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.
- 2 O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee ;
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee ;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not in vain
 That morn shall tearless be.
- O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee ;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson.

471

L. M. With Refrain.

- COME, let us sing the song of songs,
 The saints in heaven began the strain,
 The homage which to Christ belongs :
 " Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb,
 Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

- 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
 To cleanse from every sinful stain,
 And make us kings and priests to God :
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "
- 3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
 Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
 Blessing, and praise, and glory be :
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "
- 4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
 All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
 Honor, and majesty, and might :
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "
- 5 Long as we live, and when we die,
 And while in heaven with Him we reign,
 This song our song of songs shall be :
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "
- J. Montgomery.*

472

8,7,8,7,7,7.

- ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's
 Costly, free, and knows no end :
 They, who once His kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood ?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God :
 This was boundless love indeed !
 Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
 " Friend of sinners " was His name ;
 Now above all glory raisèd,
 He rejoices in the same.

Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

- 5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton.

473

8,7,8,8,7.

I ADORE Thee, I adore Thee,
Glorious ere the world began ;
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,
Though divine, yet still divinest
In Thy dying love for man.

- 2 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
Humbly at Thy footstool kneel ;
I have heard Thine accents thrilling,
Lord, I come, for Thou art willing
Me to pardon, me to heal.

- 3 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
Born of woman, yet divine !
With Thy Spirit, Lord, endue me,
In Thine image pure renew me,
Let me evermore be Thine.

J. S. Simpson.

474

8s,7s. 6l.

To THE name that brings salvation,
Honor, worship, laud, we pay ;
Which, for many a generation,
Hid in God's fore-knowledge lay ;
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

- 2 Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
By the tongue ineffable,
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
To the ear delectable ;
'T is our safeguard and our treasure,
'T is our help 'gainst sin and hell.
- 3 'T is the name for adoration ;
'T is the name for victory ;
'T is the name for meditation
In the vale of misery ;
'T is the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.
- 4 'T is the name by right exalted
Over every other name ;
That when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame :
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
- 5 Jesus, we Thy name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art ;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part.

Anon. German (15th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.

475

7s.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Zion's city is in sight :
 There our endless home shall be,
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

J. Cennick.

476

7s.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
 Lovely forms or beauties rare,
 But before my eyes they bring
 Christ, of beauty source and spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the golden sunbeams rise,
 Then my Saviour's form I find
 Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When, as moonlight softly steals,
 Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
 Then I think : Who made their light,
 Is a thousand times more bright.

4 Lord of all that's fair to see,
 Come, reveal Thyself to me ;
 Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
 See Thine unveiled glories bright.

J. Scheffler. Tr. F. E. Cox.

477

7s.

JESUS, name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above !
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus, name decreed of old,
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus, name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

4 Jesus, name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus, only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus, name of wondrous love,
Human name of God above :
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

W. W. How.

478

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my pow'rs employ.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
 Freely from Thy fullness give ;
Till I close my earthly race,
 May I prove it Christ to live.
- 3 When I touch the blessèd shore,
 Back the closing waves shall roll ;
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
 Part from Thee my ravished soul.
- 4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky ;
Having known it Christ to live,
 Let me know it gain to die.

R. Wardlaw.

479

7s, 6s. 8l.

- O JESUS, ever present,
 O shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very name is music,
 To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wond'ring childhood
 To muse on things above ;
It drew my harder manhood
 With cords of mighty love.
- 2 How oft to sure destruction
 My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient shepherd,
 The guardian of my way.
How oft, in darkness fallen,
 And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
 And healing balms poured in.
- 3 O shepherd good, I follow
 Wherever Thou wilt lead ;
No matter where the pasture,
 With Thee at hand to feed.

Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold ;
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold !

L. Tuttielt.

480

7s, 6s. 8l.

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose wondrous love redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost ;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own ;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song :
How could I do without Thee ?
I do not know the way ;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear ;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee !

- 5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed ;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

F. R. Havergal.

481

C. M.

PART I.

- JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah, this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shalt be ;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

482

C. M.

PART II.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found.

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire ;

4 May every heart confess Thy name
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

483

C. M.

PART III.

O JESUS, Thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above ;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still ;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which only Thou canst fill.

3 O most sweet Jesus, hear the sighs,
Which unto Thee we send ;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
Our being's hope and end !

4 Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

5 O Jesus, spotless virgin-flower,
Our love and joy, to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (3 Parts). Tr. E. Caswall.

484

C. M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine ;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine !

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
sought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

R. Palmer.

485

C. M.

- How SWEET the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast!
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath; .
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

J. Newton.

486

C. M.

My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

I. Watts.

487

C. M.

JESUS, I love Thy sacred name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and hea'vn should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

P. Doddridge.

488

C. M.

- O JESUS, when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.
- 2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first ;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.
- 3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die ;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.
- 4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin,
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.
- 5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul :
"To live is Christ, to die is gain ;"
"Christ is my all in all."

G. W. Bethune.

489

L. M.

JESUS, the very thought is sweet ;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet ;
But oh, than honey sweeter far,
The glimpses of His presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No name is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.

3 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write the blessedness ;
Alone, who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.

5 O Jesus, King of wondrous might !
O Victor, glorious from the fight !
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest !

Hymnal Noted, Tr. J. M. Neal.

490

C. M.

OH, gift of gifts ! oh, grace of faith !
My God, how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me ?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine !

- 3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts,
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light ;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright !
- 5 Oh, happy, happy that I am !
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death ?

F. W. Faber.

491

C. M. 81.

- THOU art my hiding place, O Lord ;
On Thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea ;
And 't is enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.
- 2 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain ;
Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me ?
- 3 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away ;

Then, though it be in accents weak,
 And faint and tremblingly,
 O give me strength in death to speak,
 "My Saviour died for me."

T. Raffles.

492

C. M. 8l.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
 No mortal can with Him compare,
 Among the sons of men ;
 Fairer is He than all the fair
 That fill the heavenly train.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief ;
 For me He bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have ;
 He makes me triumph over death
 He saves me from the grave.

3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
 He brings my weary feet ;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joy complete.
 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be Thine.

S. Stennett.

493

7s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee ;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;

When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love ;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair ;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar.

494

7s, 6s. 8l.

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fullness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem :
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline :
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar.

495

7s, 6s. 8l.

- I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus ;
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne :
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

F. Whitfield.

496

8,6,8,8,6.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways ;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper rev'rence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee :
O calm of hills above !
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm !

J. G. Whittier.

497

6s.

I HUNGER and I thirst ;
Jesus, my manna be :
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

- 2 Thou bruised and broken bread,
My life-long wants supply ;
As living souls are fed,
Oh feed me, or I die !
- 3 Thou true life-giving vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove ;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began ;
Feed me, Thou bread of God ;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before ;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore !

J. S. B. Monsell.

498

7s. 6l.

- SON of God, to Thee I cry :
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry :
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry :
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,

Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

- 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will ;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

R. Mant.

499

7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heav'n, thy native place :
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

R. Seagrave.

500

P. M. 8,7,8,7,3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scatt'ring full and free, —
 Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some portion fall on me, even me !

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be ;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me, even me !

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
 Let me love and cling to Thee ;
 I am longing for Thy favor ;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me, even
 me !

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me, even me !

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me, even me !

6 Pass me not ! this lost one bringing,
 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee ;
 All my heart to Thee is springing ;
 Blessing others, oh bless me, even me !

Mrs. E. Codner.

501

L. M. 6l.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee
 And reign without a rival there.
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,
 Be Thou alone my constant flame.

- 2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone ;
 Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
 Strange fires far from my soul remove ;
 My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.
- 4 Still let Thy love point out my way ;
 What wondrous things Thy love hath
 Still lead me, lest I go astray ; [wrought !
 Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace ;
 In weakness, be Thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that dark final hour
 Of death, be Thou my guide, and friend,
 That I may love Thee without end.
P. Gerhardt. Tr. J. Wesley: verse 3, l. 6, alt.

502

L. M. 6l.

- THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all Thy works, and Thee alone ;
 Thee will I love till sacred fire
 Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have
 shined ;

I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
 Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod ;
 What though my flesh and heart decay ?
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

J. Scheffler. Tr. J. Wesley.

503

L. M. 6l.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace,
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore :
 Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought :
 How can I love Thee as I ought ?
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy name ?
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore :
 Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 So far exceeding hope or thought.
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore :
 Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong :
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore :
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.
H. Collins.

504

S. M.

- BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love ;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 4 Teach me to live by faith ;
Conform my will to Thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

J. Newton.

505

7s.

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

J. Newton.

506

7s. 8l.

- JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child :
On no other arm but Thine
Would my weary soul recline.
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live ;
Guide the wand'rer, day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.
- 2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place ;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure ;
Then what more can I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire ?
All I need, in Thee I see ;
Thou art all in all to me.
- 3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Thou has made me truly Thine ;
Thou has bought me by Thy blood ;
Reconciled my heart to God.

Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

T. Hastings.

507

C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters Heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery.

508

C. M.

WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee
Our wand'ring spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face
Unless Thou lead the way ;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here ev'ry thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay,
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. S. B. Monsell.

509

C. M.

LORD Jesus, Thou the lost to seek
Didst from Thy throne descend,
To cheer the mourner, help the weak,
And be the sinner's friend.

2 The joy of heaven was naught to Thee —
So mighty was Thy love,
Till man, from sin and death set free,
Could reign with Thee above.

3 For this a life of toil and tears,
Of poverty and woe,
Thou, who art Lord of all the spheres,
On earth didst undergo.

- 4 Grant us Thy grace, O Saviour dear,
To count all things but loss,
That we Thy steps may follow here,
And patient bear Thy cross.
- 5 Teach us to make Thy joy our own,
Nor in self-love to rest ;
To live not for ourselves alone,
To bless, and so be blest ;
- 6 To lead the lost soul back to light,
To bind the broken heart —
Such deeds with angels' praise are bright,
And heavenly joy impart.

H. M. Braithwaite.

510

C. M.

- Do NOT I love Thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each dearest idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame ?
- 4 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

P. Doddridge.

511

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My path of life attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And bless its happy end.

A. Steele.

512

C. M.

LORD, I believe ; Thy pow'r I own,
 Thy word I would obey ;
 I wander comfortless and lone
 When from Thy truth I stray.

- 2 Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight ;
 I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe ; but Thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak ;
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes, I believe ; and only Thou
 Canst give my soul relief :
 Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow ;
 " Help Thou mine unbelief."

J. R. Wreford.

513

C. M.

WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

B. Barton.

514

C. M.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet, —
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,

- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name.
- 5 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' Eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar.

515

C. M.

- OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

W. Cowper.

516

C. M.

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above :
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley.

517

S. M.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

- 3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?
- 4 God of my life, be near :
On Thee my hopes I cast :
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last !

H. F. Lyte.

518

S. M.

- JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my pray'r.
- 2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
- 4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 5 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
- 6 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

C. Wesley.

519

S. M.

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste Thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

4 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies ;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

I. Watts.

520

S. M.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,—
To love Thee only for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly ;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

J. Austin.

521

S. M.

SWEET is Thy mercy, Lord !
Before Thy mercy seat
My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word,
And owns Thy mercy sweet.

2 My need, and Thy desires,
Are all in Christ complete ;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,
Lead Thou my weary feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

J. S. B. Monsell.

522

S. M.

STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night ; at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

523

S. M.

OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 Here would we end our quest :
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

J. Montgomery.

524

S. M.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill ;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley.

525

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King,—

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be :
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

J. Keble.

526

S. M.

LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin ;
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me
With many a care oppressed,
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me
Nor let me go astray ;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

- 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

Synesius. Tr. A. W. Chatfield.

527

8s, 7s. 8l.

- Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly secured by Thee,

Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley.

528

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place than all beside more sweet ;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar,
 And time and sense seem all no more,
 And heaven comes down, our souls to
 greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell.

529

P. M. 7,6,7,6,8,8,7,7.

JESUS, name all names above,
 Jesus, best and dearest,
 Jesus, fount of perfect love,
 Holiest, tenderest, nearest ;
 Jesus, source of grace completest,
 Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,
 Jesus, well of power divine,
 Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

2 Jesus, open me the gate
That of old he entered,
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on Thee ventured ;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in paradise.

3 Woe, that I have turned aside
After fleshly pleasure !
Woe, that I have never tried
For the heavenly treasure !
Treasure, safe in home supernal,
Incorruptible, eternal,—
Treasure no less price hath won
Than the passion of the Son.

4 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That Thy good confession ;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment ;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

5 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher ;
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish ;
Tell me, " Verily, I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day."

Theoclistus of the Studium. Tr. J. M. Neale.

530

8,7,8,7,4,7.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams.

531

8s,7s.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
 In His secret habitation
 Dwell, and never be dismayed.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare:
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection
 He will shield thee from above.

- 4 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.
J. Montgomery.

532

8s, 7s.

- THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never :
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !
- 6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker.

533

8s, 7s. 6l.

LEAD us, heav'nly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee :
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston.

534

8s, 6s. 8l.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self distrust,
A prayer without a claim.
No off'ring of mine own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead his love for love.

2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight ;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

4 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

J. G. Whittier.

535

L. M.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let the mountains from their seats be
hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world —
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, Thine Holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with
power.

I. Watts.

536

L. M.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee ?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

- 2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear ?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near ;
And I with dread of justice tried ?
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.
- 3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid ;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes ;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
- 4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me ;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

J. Edmeston.

537

C. M.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who thro' this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace !

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

P. Doddridge.

538

S. M.

My times are in Thy hand ;
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

- 3 My times are in Thy hand ;
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified !
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide ;
- 5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee ;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

W. F. Lloyd.

539

C. M.

- THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;
Oh, be that refuge mine !
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm ;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine ;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine !
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all !

H. F. Lyte.

540

C. M.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

F. W. Faber.

541

C. M.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want ;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes :
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

F. Rous.

542

C. M.

- THOU, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace :
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;
- 2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony ;
E'en death itself ; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.
- 3 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well ?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell.
- 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.
- 5 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

F. Xavier. Tr. E. Caswall.

543

S. M.

THE Lord my shepherd is ;
I shall be well supplied :
Since he is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside ?

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows ;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

I. Watts.

544

S. M.

My spirit, on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

- 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest ;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform :
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. Lyte.

545

S. M.

- DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see ;
My Conqueror, with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee.
- 2 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God ;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.
- 3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast ;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.
- 4 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true ;
My Guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.
- 5 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train ;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,
When Thou return'st to reign.

T. H. Gill.

546

S. M.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

I. Watts.

547

7s, 6s. 8l.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings ;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper.

548

7s, 6s. 8l.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my friend !
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me !
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control !
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul !

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my friend !

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own !
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end !
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my friend !

J. E. Bode.

549

7s, 6s. 8l.

O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise,
Till heav'n on high rejoices,
And earth is fill'd with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free ;
The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close :
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token :
Our leader all controls ;
Our trophies, fetters broken ;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us : Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due !
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us : in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore :
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore !
Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee, King of kings confessing,
Thee, crowning Lord of all.

E. H. Bickersteth.

550

7s, 6s. 8l.

OH, happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow,
To Jesus as your head !
Oh, happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men !
Oh, happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then !

2 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due :
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn ;

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure ;
What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

4 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize !
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

Joseph the Hymnographer. Tr. J. M. Neale.

551

C. M.

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'T is music in the sinner's ears ;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

C. Wesley.

552

C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey !
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye :
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. Doddridge.

553

C. M.

- AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts.

554

C. M.

- I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know His name ;
His name is all my trust :
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure,
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

I. Watts.

555

6s, 5s. 12l.

PART I.

FORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led ?

Forward thro' the desert,
Thro' the toil and fight !
Jordan flows before us ;
Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind ;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind :
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace ;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth.
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward, through the darkness
Forward, into light !

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared :
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these have uttered
Thought or speech a word.

Forward, marching eastward
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

556

6s, 5s. 12l.

PART II.

FAR o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth ;
 That fair home is ours.
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold,
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might,
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light.

2 Into God's high temple
 Onward as we press,
 Beauty spreads around us,
 Born of holiness ;
 Arch, and vault, and carving,
 Lights of varied tone,
 Softened words and holy,
 Prayer and praise alone :
 Every thought upraising
 To our city bright,
 Where the tribes assemble
 Round the throne of light.

3 Naught that city needeth
 Of these aisles of stone ;
 Where the Godhead dwelleth,
 Temple there is none ;

All the saints, that ever
 In these courts have stood,
 Are but babes, and feeding
 On the children's food.
 On through sign and token,
 Stars amid the night,
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light.

4 To th' eternal Father
 Loudest anthems raise ;
 To the Son and Spirit
 Echo songs of praise ;
 To the Lord of glory,
 Blessèd Three in One,
 Be by men and angels
 Endless honors done.
 Weak are earthly praises ;
 Dull the songs of night ;
 Forward into triumph,
 Forward into light !

H. Alford.

557

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
 Listen while we sing ;
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King.
 All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee.

REFRAIN. — Saviour, blessed Saviour,
 Listen while we sing ;
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King.

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee :
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die ;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Brighter still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.
- 4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God ;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.
- 5 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal ;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

G. Thring.

558

C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. Shepherd. Alt.

559

8s, 7s.

JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

- 3 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

E. Nason.

560

S. M. With Refrain.

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

REFRAIN. — Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

- 2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.
- 3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.
- 4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.
- 5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.
- 6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

E. H. Plumptre.

561

7s. 6l.

JESUS, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfill;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free.

F. R. Havergal.

(This hymn is Part II of "Jesus, Master, whose I am," No. 276, and "Take my life and let be," No. 453.)

562

S. M.

- O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.
- 2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear ;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.
- 3 Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love !
- 4 Lord, may it be our choice,
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

H. W. Baker.

563

S. M.

- Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."
J. Montgomery.

564

C. M.

- OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord."
- 2 We hear the call ; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.
- 4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come ;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.
S. Longfellow.

565

L. M.

- O LOVE divine, that stoop'd to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

566

6s. 8l.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

H. Bonar.

567

C. M.

OH, help us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

3 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'T is all we dare entreat.

4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this :
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

5 Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee :
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

H. H. Milman.

568

11s, 10s

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flow-
ing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above ;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever know-
ing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore. Alt. V. 3, T. Hastings.

569

S. M.

How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell ;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day ;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge.

570

L. M.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right ;
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be
 Thy joy and crown eternally.

- 2 Run the straight race through God's good
 grace,
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide ;
 His boundless mercy will provide ;
 Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near ;
 He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
 Only believe, and thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

571

7s.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
 For our own departing souls,
 When our final doom is near,
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

- 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

H. H. Milman.

572

S. M.

- My soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray !
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God :
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath.

573

S. M.

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here:

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

H. W. Baker.

574

S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be not dismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears:
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet Heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

P. Gerhardt. Tr. J. Wesley.

575

S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Thro' His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

- 5 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley.

576

6s. 8l.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 Oh, may Thy will be mine !
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow, or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear ;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 All shall be well for me ;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee ;
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

B. Schmolck. Tr. J. Borthwick.

577

6s. 8l.

THERE is a blessed home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;

Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

- 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. Baker.

578

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 1.

WE are but strangers here,
Heaven is our home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is our home.

Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
Heaven is our fatherland,
Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
We shall reach home at last:
Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
Heaven is our home,
May we be glorified:
Heaven is our home.
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest:
Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our home.
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own right hand,
Jesus, in fatherland:
Heaven is our home.

T. R. Taylor.

579

8,8,8,4.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest:
I came to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my rest.

- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak ;
 I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek :
 Thou art my strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way,
 Dark and tempestuous is the night :
 Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray !
 Thou art my light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise ;
 But when I dread th' impending shock,
 My spirit to the refuge flies :
 Thou art my rock.
- 5 When the accuser flings his darts,
 I look to Thee ; my terrors cease ;
 Thy cross a hiding-place imparts :
 Thou art my peace.
- 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous, latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink :
 Thou art my life.
- 7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;
 Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art my all.

C. Elliott.

580

7s, 6s. 8l.

My song shall be of mercy :
 To Thee, O Lord, I sing,
 Who all my life hast hid me
 Beneath Thy shelt'ring wing ;
 Who still, in love most patient,
 This mortal journey through,
 Hast follow'd me with goodness,
 And blessings ever new.

2 My song shall be of judgment :
All-wise and holy God,
Thou makest all Thy children
To pass beneath Thy rod ;
Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,
Yet, oh ! my soul shall tell
That when Thy stroke is sorest
Thou doest all things well.

3 My song shall be of mercy :
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful word,
Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.

4 My song shall be of judgment :
Ye who His chastenings feel,
Oh, faint not nor be weary,
He wounds that He may heal !
Yes, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.

H. Downton.

581

6s, 5s. 8l.

PURER yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find ;
Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
 In the hours of pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain ;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To His will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light, —
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
 Ever onward run,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I go on.
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast ;
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Goethe.

582

6s, 5s. 8l.

OH, let him whose sorrow
 No relief can find,
 Trust in God and borrow
 Ease for heart and mind :
 Where the mourner weeping
 Sheds the secret tear,
 God His watch is keeping,
 Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave us,
All our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes :
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

3 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know,
When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above
Crowns us with His favor,
Fills us with His love.

H. Oswald. Tr. F. E. Cox.

583

6s, 5s. 8l.

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee ;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm ;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe ;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below ;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see ;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again ;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery. Alt. Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring.

584

C. M. 81.

FORGIVE, O Lord, the doubts that break
Thy promises to me ;
Forgive me that I fail to take
My pardon, full and free.
I sought to put my sins away,
I strove to do Thy will,
And yet, whene'er I tried to pray,
My heart was doubting still.

2 I thought that Thou with jealous eyes
Wast watching me alway,
My deeds to mark, my steps to spy,
Whene'er I went astray ;
I hoped that when, by days and years
Of service and of prayer,
I had besought Thy grace with tears,
Thy mercy I might share.

- 3 Forgive, O Father, this my sin,
This jealous, doubting heart ;
For when men seek Thy love to win,
And choose the better part,
I know that, swifter than the light
Leaps earthward from the sun,
Thy pardoning love, Thy rescuing might,
Speed down to every one.

W. Gladden.

585

10s.

- LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace ;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still in-
crease ;
Lead us thro' Christ, the true and living
way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth :
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we
grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our
youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith
and hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right ;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may
be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest
best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh.

586

C. M. 8l.

FATHER of love, our guide and friend,
Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.
We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod ;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time ;
Deliverance shall arise :
Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

3 Christ by no flowery pathway came ;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear :
And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

W. J. Irons.

587

10s, 4s.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from
me
Aught of its load.

2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
plead :

Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though
heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

3 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
shed

Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

4 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

5 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

A. A. Procter.

588

C. M.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

A. Steele.

589

C. M.

- LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day.
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
- 4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

R. Baxter. Alt.

590

C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart ;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day ;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

T. Haweis and T. Cotterill.

591

C. M.

AS PANTS the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine !

- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady.

592

7s. 8l.

- JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed.
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;

Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity !

C. Wesley.

593

8,8,8,4.

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done !"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done !"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done !"

- 4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what is Thine :
 "Thy will be done !"
- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest, —
 "Thy will be done !"
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done !"
- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done !"

C. Elliott.

594

P. M. 8,4,8,4,8,4.

- My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
 The earth so bright ;
So full of splendor and of joy,
 Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right.
- 2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
 Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
 Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
 Some love is found.
- 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
 Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
 That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

- 4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
- 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.
- 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. Procter.

595

L. M. 61.

- WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe, —

At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

- 4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while, —
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

R. Grant.

596

11s, 10s.

COME unto Me, when shadows darkly
gather,
When the sad heart is weary and dis-
tressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly
Father,
Come unto Me, and I will give you
rest.

- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring
flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the
ground,

When the loved slept, in brighter homes
to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit
wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in Thy Father's
dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never
dim ;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly
hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in glad-
ness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too
rudely pressed :
Come unto Me all ye who droop in sad-
ness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!
C. H. Esling.

597

L. M.

God of my life, to Thee I call :
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall :
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;

But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

- 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
W. Cowper,

598

7s.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armor clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White.

599

5,5,5,5,6,5,6,5.

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest ;
Onward and onward still,
Be thine endeavor ;
The rest that remaineth,
Will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee ;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never ;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth ;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever ;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

J. Stammers.

600

7s, 6s. 8l.

STAND up ! — stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! — stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

G. Duffield.

601

7s, 6s. 8l.

Go FORWARD, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true;
The Lord Himself, thy leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed ;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night ;
The Lord has been thy shelter ;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past :
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last !

L. Tuttielt.

602

C. M. 8l.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save ;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in His train ?

- 3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the torch of flame ;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel :
Who follows in their train ?
- 5 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

R. Heber.

603

P. M. 5,5,8,8,5,5.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
Guide us by Thy hand,
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us :
For, through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won :
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland.

N. L. von Zinzendorf. Tr. J. Borthwick.

604

P. M. 5,5,8,8,5,5.

JESUS, who can be
 Once compared with Thee !
 Source of rest and consolation,
 Life and light, and full salvation ;
 Son of God, with Thee
 None compared can be !

2 Thou hast died for me,
 From all misery
 And distress me to deliver,
 And from death to save for ever :
 I am by Thy blood
 Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,
 Lord, to run my race,
 Following Thee with love most tender,
 So that Satan may not hinder
 Me by craft or force ;
 Further Thou my course.

4 When I hence depart,
 Strengthen Thou my heart ;
 Where Thou art, O Lord, convey me ;
 In Thy righteousness array me,
 That at Thy right hand
 Joyful I may stand.

J. A. Freylinghausen. Moravian Coll. Alt.

605

7,7,7,3.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes :
Watch and pray.

2 Gird Thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Near thee lurks the evil one ;
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they watch each warrior's way ;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray that help may be sent down ;
Watch and pray.

C. Elliott.

606

6s, 5s. 8l.

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the hosts of darkness
Compass thee around ?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss ;
Smite them, Christ is with thee,
Soldier of the cross.

- 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading into sin?
 Christian, never tremble;
 Never be downcast;
 Gird thee for the battle,
 Watch and pray and fast.
- 3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
 How they speak thee fair?
 "Always fast and vigil?
 Always watch and prayer?"
 Christian, answer boldly:
 "While I breathe I pray:"
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.
- 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
 O My servant true;
 Thou art very weary,
 I was weary too;
 But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all Mine own,
 And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete. Tr. J. M. Neale.

607

7s, 6s. 8l.

LET our choir new anthems raise,
 Wake the song of gladness;
 God himself to joy and praise
 Turns the martyrs' sadness:
 Bright the day that won their crown,
 Open'd heav'n's bright portal,
 As they laid the mortal down
 To put on th' immortal.

- 2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never ;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor ;
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.
- 3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish ;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He who trod the self-same road
Death and hell defeated ;
Wherefore these their passions showed
Calvary repeated.
- 4 Up and follow, Christian men !
Press through toil and sorrow ;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow !
Who will venture on the strife ?
Blest who first begin it !
Who will grasp the land of life ?
Warriors, up and win it !

Joseph, the Hymnographer. Tr. J. M. Neale.

608

C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all :

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I. Watts.

609

7s.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word ;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid :
“It is I, be not afraid.”

3 Cast thy burden at His feet ;
Linger at His mercy-seat :
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

Anon.

610

11s.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our
way ;
The Lord is our leader, His Word is our
stay ;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be
near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we
fear ?

- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their
complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the
road,
But how can we falter? Our help is in
God.
- 3 And to His green pastures our footsteps
He leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly He
feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from
the snares.
- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our God
is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is
our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we
come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our
home!

J. N. Darby.

611

11s.

- THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall
I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I
rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems
when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I
fear;

Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my
stay ;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter
near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er ;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my
head ;
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence
more ?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers
trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy
kingdom of love.

J. Montgomery.

612

11s.

How FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
Word !
What more can He say than to you He
hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled ?

2 “ Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-
mayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee
aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

- 3 " When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 " When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only de-
sign
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.
- 5 " Even down to old age all My people
shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be
borne.
- 6 " The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes :
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake !"
G. Keith [?].

613

L. M. 6l.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide ;
Thou'lt find Him, in the evil days,
Thine all sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move !

- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent ;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet,
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.
- 4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways ;
But do thine own part faithfully.
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

G. Neumark. Tr. C. Winkworth.

614

10,10,10 With Alleluia.

FOR all the saints who from their labors
rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world con-
fessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and
their might :
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-
fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their light
of light.

Alleluia !

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of
old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of
gold.

Alleluia !

4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong.

Alleluia !

6 The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh
rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

7 But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious
day ;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia !

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia !

W. W. How.

615

8,7,8,7,7,7.

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heav'nly King.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These, like priests, have watched and
waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

H. T. Schenck. Tr. F. E. Cox.

616

7s, 6s. 8l.

FROM all Thy saints in warfare,
For all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd Jesus,
All praises be addressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle
That they might conquerors be ;
Their crowns of living glory
Are lit with rays from Thee.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song ;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One ;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson.

617

S. M.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who follow'd Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all in life and death,
 With Thee, their Lord, in view,
 Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
 To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy name we bless,
 And humbly pray that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in Thee.

R. Mant.

618

8s, 7s. 8l.

THRO' the night of doubt and sorrow
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the promised land.
 Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless thro' the night.

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread :
 One, the object of our journey,
 One, the faith which never tires,
 One, the earnest looking forward,
 One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain which lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one ;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One, the march in God begun :
 One, the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore.
 Where the One Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

- 4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
 Onward, with the cross our aid ;
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade.
 Soon shall come the great awaking ;
 Soon the rending of the tomb ;
 Then, the scattering of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom.
B. S. Ingemann. Tr. S. Baring-Gould.

619

8s, 7s. 8l.

- HAIL ! Thou God of grace and glory,
 Who Thy name hast magnified,
 By redemption's wondrous story,
 By the Saviour crucified ;
 Thanks to Thee for every blessing,
 Flowing from the fount of love ;
 Thanks for present good unceasing,
 And for hopes of bliss above.
- 2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
 Near Thy bright and burning throne,
 We invoke Thee, God most holy,
 Through Thy well-belovèd Son ;
 Send the baptism of Thy Spirit,
 Shed the Pentecostal fire ;
 Let us all Thy grace inherit,
 Waken, crown each good desire.
- 3 Bind Thy people, Lord, in union,
 With the sevenfold cord of love
 Breathe a spirit of communion
 With the glorious hosts above ;
 Let Thy work be seen progressing ;
 Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
 Till the world, Thy truth possessing,
 Celebrates its jubilee.
T. W. Aveling.

620

7s. 8l.

WHAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his eternal name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And for ever from their eyes,
 God shall wipe away the tears.

J. Montgomery.

621

C. M. 8l.

LET saints on earth in concert sing
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.
 One family, we dwell in Him.
 One Church above, beneath.
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

- 2 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
Dear Saviour, be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

C. Wesley.

622

S. M.

- DEAR Saviour, we are Thine,
By everlasting bands ;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign ;
Our souls are in Thy hands.
- 2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our head ;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

P. Doddridge.

623

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett.

624

8s, 7s.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by ;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.
- 4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest.

C. S. Smith.

625

C. M.

- GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod ;
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
 For His own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

I. Watts.

626

L. M. 6l.

AT evening time let there be light ;
 Life's little day draws near its close ;
 Around me fall the shades of night,
 The night of death, the grave's repose ;
 To crown my joys, to end my woes,
 At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time let there be light ;
 Stormy and dark hath been my day ;
 Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
 Dews, birds, and flowers cheered all the
 way ;
 Oh for one sweet, one parting ray !
 At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light ;
 For God hath said,—“ So let it be ! ”
 Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
 His glory now is risen on me ;
 Mine eyes shall His salvation see ;
 'Tis evening time, and there *is* light.

J. Montgomery.

627

L. M.

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
 My soul, adoring, turns to Thee ;
 Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.

- 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth when shades of ev'ning steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

T. Gisborne.

628

10s.

- Go DOWN, great sun, into thy golden west,
The day is done, the hours of labor past;
The night's dark shadows deepen all around;
The day is over; rest has come at last.
- 2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have
almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.
- 3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words
to tell
How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

E. Husband.

629

11s, 10s.

WE would see Jesus; for the shadows
lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen,
For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock founda-
tion
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign
grace:

Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced
to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to
Thee.

4 We would see Jesus: yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so
long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp
its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love
less strong.

5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too bind-
ing,
And heaven appears too dim, too far
away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts re-
minding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt
to pay.

- 6 We would see Jesus : this is all we're need-
ing ;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with
the sight ;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading ;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal
night.

Ellen Ellis.

630

S. M.

- I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight.

631

S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great ;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair ;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

I. Watts.

632

8s, 7s. 8l.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode ;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

J. Newton.

633

7s, 6s. 8l.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, " How long ? "
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won ;
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone.

634

11, 11, 11, 5.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of ev'ry na-
tion,

Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows
curling ;

See how Thy foes their banners are unfurl-
ing,

Lord, while their darts envenomed they are
hurling,

Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor
faileth,

Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin
assailleth,

Lord, o'er Thy church nor death nor hell
prevailleth,

Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts as-
suaging,

Peace in Thy church, where brothers are
engaging,

Peace, when the world its busy war is
waging,

Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward
driven,

Grant them Thy truth, that they may be
forgiven,

Grant peace on earth, and, after we have
striven,

Peace in Thy Heaven.

M. A. von Löwenstern. Tr. P. Pusey.

635

6,6,6,6,8,8.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 Zion, one faith is Thine,
 One only watch-word, love :
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one ;
 One priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone :
 Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
 Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 Oh, may that holy prayer,
 His tenderest and His last,
 His constant, latest care
 Ere to His throne He passed,
 No longer unfulfilled remain,
 The world's offence, His people's stain !

4 Head of Thy church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew :
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.

G. Robinson.

636

P. M. 8,7,8,7,6,6,6,6,7.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing ;
 Our helper He, amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe ;
 His craft and pow'r are great,
 And, arm'd with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing ;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing.
 Dost ask who that may be ?
 Christ Jesus, it is He ;
 Lord Sabaoth is His name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with demons filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The Prince of darkness grim,
 We tremble not for him ;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo ! his doom is sure :
 One little word shall fell him.

- 4 That word above all earthly powers,
 No thanks to them, abideth ;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also ;
 The body they may kill ;
 God's truth abideth still,
 His Kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther. Tr. F. H. Hedge.

637

C. M.

OH, where are kings and empires now
 Of old that went and came ?
 But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
 A thousand years the same.

- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,
 And her foundations strong ;
 We hear within the solemn voice
 Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
 Thy holy church, O God !
 Though earthquake shocks are threatening
 her,
 And tempests are abroad ;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
 Immovable she stands,
 A mountain that shall fill the earth,
 A house not made by hands.

A. C. Core.

638

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
 Confusion, order, in Thy path ;
 Souls without strength inspire with might,
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations ! far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every people call Him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed
 All flesh shall His salvation see :
 So be The Father's love fulfilled,
 The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro'
 Thee.

J. Montgomery.

639

8,8.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

- 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
- 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,
- 8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
- 9 Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Anon. (Latin, 10th Cent.) Tr. J. Cosin.

640

S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word
And watchful at His gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch ! 't is your Lord's command ;
 And, while we speak, He's near :
 Mark the first signal of His hand,
 And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

P. Doddridge.

641

L. M.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone ;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek,
 Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
 Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
 I may stretch out a loving hand
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

3 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart ;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.

5 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
 Until Thy blessed face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal.

642

L. M.

Go LABOR on ; spend and be spent, —
 Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
 It is the way the Master went,
 Should not the servant tread it still ?

2 Go, labor on ; enough, while here,
 If He shall praise thee, if He deign
 The willing heart to mark and cheer :
 No toil for Him shall be in vain.

3 Go, labor on, while it is day,
 The world's dark night is hastening on.
 Speed, speed thy work ! cast sloth away !
 It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray ;
 Be wise the erring soul to win ;
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
 For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight peal, " Behold, I come !"
H. Bonar.

643

7s, 6s. 8l.

LORD of the living harvest
 That whitens o'er the plain,
 Where angels soon shall gather
 Their sheaves of golden grain,
 Accept these hands to labor,
 These hearts to trust and love,
 And deign with them to hasten
 Thy kingdom from above.

2 As lab'ers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee ;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with them, God the Father ;
Be with them, God the Son ;
And God the Holy Spirit, —
Most blessèd Three in One !
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

J. S. B. Monsell.

644

S. M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry ;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view :
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Oh, let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove :
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

C. Wesley.

645

S. M.

How BEAUTEOUS are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice ;
How sweet their tidings are !
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here.”

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

I. Watts.

646

10s.

God of the prophets ! bless the prophets'
sons ;
Elijah's mantle o'er Elisha cast ;

Each age its solemn task may claim but
once ;
Make each a nobler, stronger than the
last !

2 Anoint them prophets ! Make their ears
attent
To Thy divinest speech ; their hearts
awake
To human need ; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests ! Strong intercessors
they
For pardon, and for charity and peace !
Ah, if with them the world might pass,
astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice !

4 Anoint them kings ! aye kingly kings, O
Lord !
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son !
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-
stained sword ;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a king-
dom won !

5 Make them apostles ! Heralds of Thy cross ;
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy
grace ;
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but
loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy
face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return !
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time !
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn ;
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime !

D. Wortman.

647

10,6,10,6,8,8,4.

FATHER, of heaven, who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this child, who at Thy gracious
call

Is ent'ring on life's way.
Oh, make it Thine, Thy blessing give,
That to Thy glory it may live,
Father of heaven.

2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold
We bring this child to Thee ;
Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,
Forever Thine to be :
Defend it through this earthly strife
And lead it in the path of life,
O Son of God.

3 O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave
Descend upon this child ;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled ;
And make it evermore to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost.

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is
done ;
We speak : but Thine the might ;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly
sun,
Yet pour on it Thy light
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God.

A. Knapp. Tr. C. Winkworth.

648

8s, 7s.

SAVIOUR ! who Thy flock art feeding,
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

2 Now, these little ones receiving
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way :

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenburg.

649

C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How fair the lily grows ;
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

- 4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within Thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine :
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
 We seek Thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thine own.

R. Heber.

650

8s, 7s. 6l.

- GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle shepherd,
 Children all are dear to Thee ;
 Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
 In Thy bosom, may they be ;
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
 From all want and danger free.
- 2 Let Thy holy word instruct them ;
 Fill their minds with heavenly light ;
 Let Thy love and grace constrain them,
 To approve whate'er is right ;
 Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
 Let them prove Thy burden light.
- 3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 With, both lips and hearts, unfeigned,
 Glad thank-offerings may they bring ;
 Then with all Thy saints in glory,
 Join to praise their Lord and King.

H. Bateman.

651

C. M.

SEE, Israel's gentle shepherd stands,
 With all engaging charms ;
 Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms !

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 't was to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to Thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

P. Doddridge.

652

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth,
 Through devious ways ;
 Christ our triumphant King,
 We come Thy name to sing,
 And here our children bring
 To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
 The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife ;
 Thou didst Thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest ;
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of heavenly love :

In all our mortal pain
 None call on Thee in vain ;
 Help Thou didst not disdain,
 Help from above.

- 4 Ever be Thou our guide,
 Our shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song ;
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thy perennial word,
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

- 5 So now, and till we die,
 Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing ;
 Let all the holy throng
 Who to Thy church belong,
 Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King !

This beautiful hymn from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church. *Tr.* H. M. Dexter.

653

L. M. 8l.

ARM these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
 With shield of faith and Spirit's sword,
 Forth to the battle may they go
 And boldly fight against the foe,
 With banner of the cross unfurled,
 And by it overcome the world ;
 And so at last receive from Thee
 The palm and crown of victory.

- 2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
 And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home ;
 May each a living temple be
 Hallow'd forever, Lord, to Thee ;
 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
 With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine ;
 With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless
 Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

- 3 O Trinity in Unity
One only God, and Persons Three ;
In whom, thro' whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give ;
O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. Wordsworth.

654

S. M.

- STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For Thy Redeemer's name.
- 2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away ;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.
- 3 No more thine own, but Christ's ;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled :
- 4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers :
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.
- 5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great captain's feet !

E. H. Bickersteth.

655

L. M.

My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood :
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests :
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come ;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has
run ;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

P. Doddridge.

656

C. M.

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love ;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heav'nly food :
Our meat, the body of the Lord ;
Our drink, His precious blood.

4 Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

E. Osler.

657

L. M.

Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2* Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done ; the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
Oh, who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest ?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

P. Doddridge.

658

L. M.

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
 Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, all in all !
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee
 fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
 Make all our movements calm and
 bright ;
 Chase the dark night of sin away ;
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, arr. Tr. R. Palmer.

659

8s. 8l.

DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
 Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
 Come into the daylight's splendor ;
 There with joy thy praises render
 Unto Him whose grace unbounded
 Hath this wondrous banquet founded ;
 High o'er all the heav'ns He reigneth,
 Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2 Now I sink before Thee, lowly,
 Filled with joy most deep and holy,
 As with trembling awe and wonder
 On Thy mighty works I ponder,
 How by mystery surrounded,
 Depths no man has ever sounded,
 None may dare to pierce, unbidden,
 Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

3 Sun, Who all my life dost brighten,
 Light, Who dost my soul enlighten,
 Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
 Fount, whence all my being floweth,
 At Thy feet I cry, my Maker ;
 Let me be a fit partaker
 Of this blessèd food from heaven,
 For our good, Thy glory, given.

J. Frank. Tr. C. Winkworth.

660

8s, 7s. 8l.

IN the name of God, the Father,
 In the name of God, the Son,
 In the name of God, the Spirit,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 In the name, which highest angels
 Speak not, ere they veil their face,
 Crying, " Holy, holy, holy ! "
 Come we to this sacred place.

2 Here, in figure represented,
 See the passion once again ;
 Here behold the Lamb most holy,
 As for our redemption slain ;
 Here the Saviour's body broken,
 Here the blood which Jesus shed,
 Mystic food of life eternal,
 See, for our refreshment spread.

- 3 Here shall highest praise be offered,
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
God incarnate be adored.
Holy Jesus, for Thy coming,
May Thy love our hearts prepare ;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, Lord, and tarry there.

J. W. Hewett.

661

8s, 7s. 8l.

JESUS spreads His banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food ;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of His mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet, bread of heaven,
Wine of gladness, flowing free ;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of Thee.

- 2 In Thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang Thy birth,
In Thy fasting and temptation,
In Thy labors on the earth,
In Thy trial and rejection,
In Thy sufferings on the tree,
In Thy glorious resurrection,
May we, Lord, remember Thee.

R. Park.

662

7s. 6l.

BREAD of heav'n, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Thro' the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice.
 Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
 To Thy cross we look and live.
 Jesus, may we ever be
 Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

J. Conder. Alt.

663

10s.

- NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
 With trembling hand, that from Thy table
 fall,
 A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
 To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.
- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
 Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board ;
 Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
 I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile,
 one look,
 And I could face the cold, rough world
 again ;
 And with that treasure in my heart could
 brook
 The wrath of devils and the scorn of
 men.
- 4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative —
 Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine ?
 Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
 And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
- 5 I hear Thy voice ; Thou bid'st me come
 and rest ;
 I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet ;
 Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome
 guest
 Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet
 eat.

- 6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
 My prayer can only lose itself in Thee ;
 Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and
 there,
 Lord, let me sup with Thee ; sup Thou
 with me.

E. H. Bickersteth.

664

10s.

- BREAK Thou the bread of life, dear Lord,
 to me,
 As Thou didst break the loaves beside the
 sea.
 Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord ;
 My Spirit pants for Thee, O living Word !
- 2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to
 me,
 As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee ;
 Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
 And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

M. A. Lathbury.

665

7s. 6l.

- “TILL He come,” oh, let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords ;
 Let the “little while” between
 In their golden light be seen ;
 Let us think how heav’n and home
 Lie beyond that “Till He come.”
- 2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast ?
 Hush, be every murmur dumb ;
 It is only, “Till He come.”

- 3 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and break the bread, —
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board,
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only, "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth.

666

10s.

- HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
 Here would I touch and handle things
 unseen ;
 Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
 heaven ;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-
 given.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song ;
 This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still pro-
 long
 The brief bright hour of fellowship with
 Thee.
- 4 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
 The feast, though not the love, is past
 and gone ;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art
 here,
 Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast
 above,

Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
and love.

H. Bonar.

667

9s, 8s.

O ROCK of ages, one foundation,
On which the living Church doth rest,—
The Church, whose walls are strong sal-
vation,
Whose gates are praise, — Thy name be
blest!

- 2 Son of the living God, oh call us
Once and again to follow Thee ;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.
- 3 When fears appal, and faith is failing,
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and
wave,
“Why doubt?” — and in Thy love prevail-
ing
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.
- 4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.
- 5 Oh, strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
And find Thee with us to the end.

H. A. Martin.

668

9s, 8s.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

R. Heber.

669

S. M.

A PARTING hymn we sing
 Around Thy table, Lord ;
 Again our grateful tribute bring,
 Our solemn vows record.

- 2 Here have we seen Thy face,
 And felt Thy presence here ;
 So may the savor of Thy grace
 In word and life appear.

- 3 The purchase of Thy blood,
 By sin no longer led,
 The path our dear Redeemer trod
 May we rejoicing tread.

- 4 In self-forgetting love
 Be our communion shown,
 Until we join the church above,
 And know as we are known.

A. R. Wolfe.

670

8s, 7s.

FROM the table now retiring
 Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 May our souls, refreshment finding,
 Grow in all things like our head.

- 2 His example while beholding,
 May our lives His image bear ;
 Him our Lord and Master calling,
 His commands may we revere.

- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.
J. Rowe.

671

8,8,8,4.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

- 2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite, —
The shame, the glory, — by this rite,
Until He come.

- 5 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

G. Rawson.

672

10s. 2l.

O KING of mercy, from Thy throne on high,
Look down in love, and hear our humble
cry.

- 2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought
sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.
- 3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live ;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.
- 4 Thou art the bread of heaven, on Thee we
feed ;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.
- 5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's
friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without
end.
- 6 Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heavenly
grace ;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.
- 7 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and
guide.
- 8 Oh, guide us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above !
T. R. Birks.

673

10s. 2l.

DRAW nigh and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you out-
pour'd.

- 2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks
to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory
won.

- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim, and Himself the priest.
- 5 He, ransom from death, and light from
shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
- 6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts
sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 7 He, that His saints in this world rules and
shields,
To all believers life eternal yields,
- 8 With heavenly bread makes them that
hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 9 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Latin, c. 680. Tr. J. M. Neale.

674

7s, 3l.

- JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let ev'ry heart be fed
With the true and living bread.
- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide :
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release ;
Cold and wavering faith increase ;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes.

675

C. M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

J. Montgomery.

676

7s. 8l.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who hath washed us in the tide
 Flowing from His piercèd side ;
 Praise we Him, whose love divine
 Gives His sacred blood for wine,
 Gives His body for the feast,
 Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
 Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
 Paschal victim, paschal bread ;
 With sincerity and love
 Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,
 Thou hast brought us life and light.
 Now no more can death appal,
 Now no more the grave enthrall ;
 Thou hast opened paradise,
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Latin. Tr. R. Campbell.

677

7s, 6s. 8l.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
 O food that angels eat,
 O manna sent from heaven,
 For heav'n-born natures meet,

Give us, for Thee long pining,
 To eat till richly filled,
 Till, earth's delights resigning,
 Our ev'ry wish is stilled.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
 Forth from the Saviour's heart,
 A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love Thou art :
 Oh let us, freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage ;
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore ;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take, and doubt no more :
 Give us, Thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in Thee ;
 Then, death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see.

Anon. (Latin, c. 17th Cent.) Tr. R. Palmer.

678

7s, 6s.

THE voice that breath'd o'er Eden,
 That earliest wedding day
 The primal marriage blessing,
 It hath not pass'd away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
 Of Christian man and maid,
 The holy Three are with us,
 The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, awful Father.
 To give away this bride,
 As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
 Out of his own pierced side :

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

J. Keble.

679

11s, 10s.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought tran-
scending,
Lowly we kneel in pray'r before Thy
throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows
no ending,
Whom Thou forevermore dost join in
one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assur-
ance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endur-
ance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain
nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly
sorrow ;
Grant them the peace which calms all
earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown
morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Bloomfield.

680

C.M. 8l.

LORD, who at Cana's wedding feast
 Didst as a guest appear,
 Thou dearer far than earthly guest
 Vouchsafe Thy presence here;
 For holy Thou indeed dost prove
 The marriage vow to be,
 Proclaiming it a type of love
 Between the Church and Thee.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
 The golden thread in life,
 The bond that none may dare to break,
 That bindeth man and wife;
 Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
 No evil shall destroy,
 Thro' care-worn days each care divides,
 And doubles every joy.

3 On those who now before Thee kneel,
 O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
 That each may wake the other's zeal
 To love Thee more and more:
 Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
 In purity and love,
 And, this world leaving, to receive
 A crown of life above.

A. Thrupp. Alt.

681

7s. 6s. 8l.

O LOVE divine and golden,
 Mysterious depth and height,
 To Thee the world beholden,
 Looks up for life and light;
 O love divine and gentle,
 The blesser and the blest,
 Beneath Thy care parental
 The world lies down in rest.

2 O love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labor without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united ;
God bless these hearts made one !
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on,—
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

J. S. B. Monsell.

682

7s. 8l.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Trav'ler, yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveler, ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight ;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

J. Bowring.

683

7s. 8l.

HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar ;
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
 "Alleluia ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;"
 Alleluia ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Alleluia ! hark, the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banners furled, [done,
 Sheathed His sword ; He speaks ; 't is
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away ;
 Then the end ; beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall :
 Alleluia ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

J. Montgomery.

684

7s, 6s.

OH, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy church to Thee.

H. F. Lyte.

685

7s, 6s. 8l.

HOW BEAUTEOUS, on the mountains,
The feet of Him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace.

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman,
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy allelujah chorus, —
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear His rightful crown.

2 Break forth in hymns of gladness ;
 O waste Jerusalem,
 Let songs, instead of sadness,
 Thy jubilee proclaim ;
 The Lord, in strength victorious,
 Upon thy foes hath trod ;
 Behold, O earth, the glorious
 Salvation of our God !

B. Gough.

686

8s, 7s. 8l.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;
 By Thy pains and consolations
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
 Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
 Be it to the nations told ;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory
 And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest,
 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain ;
 Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
 Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the
 sight,
 For Thy Spirit, new creating
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
 Give the word ! and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. C. Cox.

687

7s, 6s. 8l.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean,
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destin'd shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

- 2 O Thou eternal ruler,
Who holdest in Thine arm
The tempest of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm !
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be ;
Though far from those who love them,
Still let them be with Thee.

J. Edmeston.

688

7s, 6s. 8l.

NOW BE the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

- 2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

T. Hastings.

689

7s, 6s. 8l.

OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise !
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies ;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil ;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

- 2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blessed.
Great author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Maria F. Anderson.

690

7s, 6s. 8l.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

R. Heber.

691

7s, 6s. 8l.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

- 3 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His name shall stand for ever,—
That name to us is Love.

J. Montgomery.

692

7s, 6s. 8l.

THE morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears ;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay ;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come !"

S. F. Smith.

693

10s.

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,
rise ;
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine
eyes ;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope.

694

6,6,8,4. 8l.

- WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go ;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.
- With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal friend.
- 2 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell ;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.
- With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

- 3 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.
Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer,
Till He, whose home is ours above,
Unite us there.

G. Watson.

695

C. M.

- BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.
- 2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.
- 3 Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow.

696

8,7,8,7,4,7.

- ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive, Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Hast thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He Himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed ;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest !

T. Kelly.

697

L. M.

- THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess ;
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make Thy word our guide to heaven.
I. Watts.

698

L. M.

- FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.
- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.
G. W. Doane.

699

L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead :
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread,
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair :
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

P. Doddridge.

700

L. M.

Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might ;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the harden'd old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.
W. C. Bryant.

701

L. M.

- Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts.

702

L. M.

SOVEREIGN of worlds, display Thy power ;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour ;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

- 2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,
And make the nations all Thine own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice ;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

B. H. Draper.

703

L. M.

YE Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation thro' Emmanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more ;
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

B. H. Draper.

704

L. M.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee ;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.
- 3 Oh, that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Vokes.

705

8s, 7s. 8l.

- LORD, her watch Thy church is keeping ;
When shall earth Thy rule obey ?
When shall end the night of weeping ?
When shall break the promised day ?
See the whit'ning harvest languish,
Waiting still the laborer's toil ;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish ?
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?
- 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard ;
Can they hear without a preacher ?
Lord Almighty, give the word :
Give the word ; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 3 Then the end : Thy church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin ;
Gone for ever, parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain ; —
Lo ! her watch Thy church is keeping ;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

H. Downton.

706

8s, 7s. 8l.

WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling ;
To be living is sublime.
Hark, the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray :
Hark, what soundeth ? is creation
Groaning for its latter day ?

- 2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight ;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right !
On ! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad.
Strike ! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. Coxe.

707

7s.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright ;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky ;
Let it float there wide unfurled ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

- 5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 6 Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How.

708

C. M.

- THE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err ;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met ;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

J. Milton.

709

8,7,8,7,4,7.

- SAINTS of God ! the dawn is bright'ning
Token of our coming Lord ;
O'er the earth the field is whit'ning ;
Louder rings the Master's word :
Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord !

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land ;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam ;
Lo ! they wait for Thy salvation ;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come ;
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come ;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-Home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest-Home.
M. Maxwell.

710

11s, 10s.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-
ing,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have
lain !
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and
mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-
ing,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold ;
Hail to the millions from bondage return-
ing !
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are spring-
ing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in
song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the
ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
Fallen are the engines of war and commo-
tion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
T. Hastings.

711

8,8,8,6.

- SEND Thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.
- 2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring ;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring ;
Send them where Thou wilt come.
- 3 To bring good news to souls in sin ;
The bruised and broken hearts to win ;
In every place to bring them in ;
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.
- 4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim ;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name,
And far to lands of pagan shame,
Send men where Thou wilt come.

5 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless word ;
And make them conquerors, conquering
Lord,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

6 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war-cry, " We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come ! "

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

712

8,8,8,4.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare ;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and heathful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd one
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all ?

- 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.
- 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all.
- 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all !

C. Wordsworth.

713

S. M.

- WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be ;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

- 6 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be ;
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How.

714

7s, 5s.

THINE are all the gifts, O God,
 Thine the broken bread ;
 Let the naked feet be shod,
 And the starving fed.

- 2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
 Give as they abound,
 Till the poor have breathing-space,
 And the lost are found.

- 3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
 Is the giver's choice ;
 Sweeter than the song of birds
 Is the thankful voice.

- 4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
 As the flowers of spring ;
 Let the tender hearts be glad
 With the joy they bring.

J. G. Whittier.

715

L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were His works from day to day
 But miracles of pow'r and grace,
 That spread salvation thro' our race ?

- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
 Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue ;
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may breathe, but never lives,
 Who much receives but nothing gives,
 Whom none can love, whom none can
 thank,
 Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks from day to day,
 In generous acts his radiant way,
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
 The path to glory and to God.

T. Gibbons.

716

C. M.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
 And let love's treasures still be spent,
 Like His, upon the poor.

2 Like Him thro' scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their crowded loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
 In this wide world of ill,
 And, that Thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
 But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

W. Crosswell.

717

8s, 7s. 8l.

LORD of glory, Thou hast bought us
 With Thy life-blood as the price,
 Never grudging for the lost ones
 That tremendous sacrifice,

- And with that hast freely given
Blessings countless as the sand,
To th' unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand.
- 2 Grants us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,
Gladly, freely of Thine own ;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone ;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.
- 3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"
- 4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
But oh ! best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

E. S. Alderson. Ab.

718

8,8,8,6.

O God of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

- 2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought ;
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.
- 4 For all are brethren, far and wide
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died :
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.
- 5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share ;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.
- 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

G. Thring.

719

L. M.

- ALMIGHTY Father, heav'n and earth
With lavish wealth before Thee bow ;
Those treasures owe to Thee their birth,
Creator, ruler, giver, Thou.
- 2 The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea,
The gold, the silver, sparkling gem,
The waving corn, the bending tree,
Are Thine ; to us Thou lendest them.
 - 3 To Thee, as early morning's dew,
Our praises, alms, and prayer shall rise ;
As rose, when joyous earth was new,
Faith's patriarchal sacrifice.

4 We, Lord, would lay, at Thy behest,
The costliest offerings on Thy shrine ;
But when we give, and give our best,
We only give Thee that is Thine.

5 O Father, whence all blessings come,
O Son, dispenser of God's store,
O Spirit, bear our offerings home.
Lord, make them Thine for evermore.

E. A. Dayman.

720

C. M.

O THOU great Teacher from the skies,
Who lived and died for men ;
Teach us with Thee to sympathize,
And be as Thou wast then.

2 It was the glory of Thy heart,
Whate'er Thou hadst to give ;
For others' sufferings to impart,
For others' good to live.

3 Be Thou in us a living soul ;
Be Thou our spirit's power ;
Its secret thought, its life's control,
To guide it every hour.

4 We need like Thee a spirit true,
A just and generous mind,
Which seeks, in all it has to do,
The good of all mankind.

T. C. Upham.

721

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline ;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?

- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.
- 3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard ;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.
- 4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will ;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see ;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.
- 6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed ;
Bless us in giving ; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

P. Doddridge. E. Osler.

722

11s, 10s, 4l. With Refrain.

- RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
grave ;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying ;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is
waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive :
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them
gently ;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, etc.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the
 tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
 Touched by a loving hand, wakened by
 kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate
 once more.

Rescue the perishing, etc.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it ;
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will pro-
 vide :

Back to the narrow way patiently win
 them ;

Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has
 died.

Rescue the perishing, etc.

F. J. Van Alstyne.

723

7s, 6s. 8l.

O THOU before whose presence
 Nought evil may come in,
 Yet who dost look in mercy
 Down on this world of sin ;
 O give us noble purpose
 To set the sin-bound free,
 And Christ-like tender pity
 To seek the lost for Thee.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman :
 The forces at his hand
 With woes that none can number
 Despoil the pleasant land ;
 All they who war against them,
 In strife so keen and long,
 Must in their Saviour's armor
 Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see;
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be.
For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O love and mercy,
O purity and power,
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

S. J. Stone.

724

L. M.

WHEN, doomed to death, th' apostle lay
At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
A light shone round him like the day,
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!

- 5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

W. C. Bryant.

725

L. M.

O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands.

- 2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

- 3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

- 4 To Thee they all belong, to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

- 5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

- 6 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity.

J. M. Neale.

726

C. M.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant.

727

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground:

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne ;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

- 4 Dear shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 5 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 6 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come, with Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us with a large increase.

W. Cowper, Ab.

728

L. M.

- COME, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,
Where Thy redeem'd behold Thy face,
Enter this temple, now Thine own,
And let Thy glory fill the place.
- 2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred wall before Thee stand ;
'T is Thine for us, 't is ours for Thee,
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.
- 3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend ;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own power Thy word attend.
- 4 Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still ;
Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet Thy
will.

- 5 When round this board Thine own shall
meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet,
With Thee, and with Thy Church above.
- 6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
In Thine own arms the lambs enfold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till Thy full glory we behold.

R. Palmer. Ab.

729

6,6,6,6,8,8.

- CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build:
With His true saints alone
The courts of heav'n are filled;
On His great love our hopes we place,
Of present grace and joys above.
- 2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long, that glorious name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.) Tr. J. Chandler.

730

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

IN loud exalted strains,
The King of glory praise :
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns,
Thro' everlasting days ;
But Zion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own ;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries ;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies ;
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above ;
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

B. Francis.

731

8s, 7s. 6l.

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one ;
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

- 2 All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody ;
 God the One in Three adoring
 In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day :
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
 Hear Thy people as they pray ;
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls away.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they ask of Thee to gain,
 What they gain from Thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.

(This hymn is Part II. of "Blessed City, heavenly Salem,"
 No. 779.)

732

L. M.

- ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
 The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
 Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And winters, softened by Thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.

- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

P. Doddridge.

733

7s.

- FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.
- 2 Lo ! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice ;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.
- 3 Dark the future ; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning star :
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight ;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
- 4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for the promised crown.

7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

H. Downton.

734

P. M. 8,7,8,7 (8,8,8,9).

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead :
Oh, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed !

(AFTER 3D AND 6TH VERSES.)

Life passeth soon ;
Death draweth near :
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear ;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign
Thro' eternity.

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice ;
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice !

3 Mark we whither we are wending ;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting ;
As a vapor so it flies :
For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise ;

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin ;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand ;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

E. Caswall.

735

S. M. 81.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

- 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

H. Bonar.

736

7s. 8l.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise :
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view :

Bless Thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

J. Newton.

737

7s, 5s. 8l.

FATHER, let me dedicate
 All this year to Thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wilt have me be.
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
 Freedom dare I claim ;
 This alone shall be my prayer :
 Glorify Thy name.

2 Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live ?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 All the best to give ?
 More Thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim,
 Nor withholdest aught that may
 Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
 Joys that yet are mine ;
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may shine, —
 Let my glad heart, while it sings,
 Thee in all proclaim,
 And, whate'er the future brings,
 Glorify Thy name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home, —

Let me think how Thy dear Son
 To His glory came,
 And in deepest woe pray on ;
 "Glorify Thy name."

L. Tuttielt.

738 13,13,13,14, or 7s,6s. 8l. Irregular.

FROM glory unto glory !
 Be this our joyous song ;
 As on the King's own highway,
 We bravely march along.
 From glory unto glory !
 O word of stirring cheer,
 As dawns the solemn brightness of
 Another glad New Year.

2 The fullness of His blessing
 Encompasseth our way ;
 The fullness of His promises
 Crowns every bright'ning day ;
 The fullness of His glory,
 Is beaming from above,
 While more and more we learn to know
 The fullness of His love.

3 And closer yet and closer
 The golden bonds shall be,
 Uniting all who love our Lord
 In pure sincerity ;
 And wider yet and wider
 Shall the circling glory glow,
 As more and more are taught of God
 That mighty love to know.

4 Oh, let our adoration
 For all that He hath done,
 Peal out beyond the stars of God,
 While voice and life are one ;

And let our consecration
 Be real, and deep, and true :
 Oh, even now our hearts shall bow,
 And joyful vows renew.

5 Now onward, ever onward,
 From strength to strength we go,
 While grace for grace abundantly
 Shall from His fullness flow,
 To glory's full fruition,
 From glory's foretaste here,
 Until His very presence
 Crown our happiest New Year.

F. R. Havergal.

739

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

STANDING at the portal
 Of the opening year,
 Words of comfort meet us,
 Hushing every fear ;
 Spoken thro' the silence
 By our Father's voice,
 Tender, strong, and faithful,
 Making us rejoice.

REFRAIN.—Onward then, and fear not,
 Children of the day !
 For His word shall never,
 Never pass away.

2 "I the Lord, am with thee,
 Be thou not afraid !
 I will keep and strengthen,
 Be thou not dismayed !
 Yea, I will uphold thee
 With My own right hand ;
 Thou art called and chosen
 In My sight to stand."—*Ref.*

3 For the year before us,
 Oh, what rich supplies !
 For the poor and needy
 Living streams shall rise ;
 For the sad and sinful
 Shall His grace abound ;
 For the faint and feeble
 Perfect strength be found.— *Ref.*

4 He will never fail us,
 He will not forsake ;
 His eternal covenant
 He will never break !
 Resting on His promise,
 What have we to fear ?
 God is all-sufficient
 For the coming year.— *Ref.*
F. R. Havergal.

740

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

EARTH below is teeming,
 Heaven is bright above ;
 Every brow is beaming
 In the light of love ;
 Every eye rejoices,
 Every thought is praise ;
 Happy hearts and voices
 Gladden nights and days.

REFRAIN.— O Almighty giver !
 Bountiful and free,
 As the joy in harvest
 Joy we before Thee.

2 For the sun and showers,
 For the rain and dew,
 For the nurturing hours
 Spring and Summer knew ;

For the golden Autumn,
 And its precious stores,
 For the love that brought them
 Teeming to our doors.—*Ref.*

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
 In a brighter sun
 Than the orb that lightens
 All we tread upon ;
 Send out laborers, Father !
 Where fields ripening wave,
 All the nations gather,
 Gather in and save.—*Ref.*
J. S. B. Monsell.

741

7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand ;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.

REFRAIN.—All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, oh, thank
 the Lord,
 For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.—*Ref.*

- 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food ;
 Accept the gifts we offer,
 For all Thy love imparts,
 And, what Thou most desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.—*Ref.*
M. Claudius. Tr. Jane M. Campbell.

742

C. M. 81.

- WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high ;
 Over the heav'ns He spreads His cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends His showers of blessing down,
 To cheer the plains below ;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year ;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground ;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends His word, and melts the snow ;
 The fields no longer mourn ;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey His mighty word :
 With songs and honors sounding loud
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

I. Watts.

743

7s. 6l.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ ;
 All to Thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow.

- 2 All the plenty summer pours ;
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores ;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss, and public wealth,
 Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
 Pure religion's holier beams :
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
 May we give Thee of our best ;
 And by deeds of kindly love
 For Thy mercies grateful prove ;
 Singing thus through all our days,
 Praise to God, immortal praise.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, All. & Ab.

744

7s.

PRAISE, O praise our God and King !
 Hymns of adoration sing ;
 For His mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Praise Him that He made the sun
 Day by day his course to run ;
 And the silver moon by night,
 Shining with her gentle light.

3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor ;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

5 Glory to our bounteous King ;
Glory let creation sing ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

H. W. Baker.

745

8s, 7s. 8l.

To THEE, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation :
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary ;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

- 4 Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever ;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river :
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending ;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix.

746

7s. 8l.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home :
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.

- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home ;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;

Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His Garner evermore.

- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 To Thy final Harvest-Home !
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy Presence to abide :
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !

H. Alford.

747

7s. 8l.

CHRIST, by heav'nly hosts ador'd,
 Gracious, mighty, sov'reign Lord,
 God of nations, King of kings,
 Head of all created things,
 By the Church with joy confess'd,
 God o'er all forever blest ;
 Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
 Save Thy people, bless our land.

- 2 On our fields of grass and grain
 Send, O Lord, the kindly rain ;
 O'er our wide and goodly land
 Crown the labors of each hand.
 Let Thy kind protection be
 O'er our commerce on the sea :
 Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
 Bless Thy people, bless our land.
- 3 Let our rulers ever be
 Men that love and honor Thee ;
 Let the powers by Thee ordained
 Be in righteousness maintained ;

In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace ;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

H. Harbaugh.

748

8s, 7s.

WE give Thee thanks, O God, this day,
For mercies never failing ;
Thy love hath brought us on our way,
For all our wants availing.

2 No less that love hath met our need
Than when the manna falling
Did day by day Thy people feed,
To love and praises calling.

3 The smitten rock poured forth of old
Its crystal waters gleaming ;
And still the same glad tale is told,
For us the floods are streaming.

4 The seasons come, the seasons go,
But each shall find us singing :
For each shall greet us, well we know,
New favors from Thee bringing.

5 Thro' endless years Thou art the same,
Thy mercy changes never :
Then blessed be Thy mighty name
Forever and forever.

R. M. Offord.

749

L. M.

O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea ;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With pray'r and psalm they worship'd
Thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the
prayer :

Thy blessing came ; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

L. Bacon.

750

6,6,6,6,8,8.

To THEE our God we fly
For mercy and for grace ;
Oh, hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame :
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more :
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless ;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness :
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire ;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire :
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true :
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

7 Give peace, Lord, in our time ;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty :
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

W. W. How.

751

6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

GOD bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night !
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On Him we wait ;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State !

C. T. Brooks. J. S. Dwight.

752

11,10,11,9.

GOD the all-merciful ! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy
word ;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the all-righteous One ! man hath de-
fied Thee ;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside
Thee ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the all-wise ! by the fire of Thy
chast'ning,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be
restored ;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom
is hastening ;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O
Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril
and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the
Lord.

H. F. Chorley. J. Ellerton.

753

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

My country ! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring !

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith.

754

C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call ;

The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away ;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown ;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land ;
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer ;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

J. H. Gurney.

755

10s.

GOD of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor thro' the
skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne
arise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast ;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and
stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen
way.

- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in
peace.
- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace di-
vine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

D. C. Roberts.

756

L. M. 6l.

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst in the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!
- 3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!
- 4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
Thus ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting.

757

C. M.

O LORD, be with us when we sail
 Upon the lonely deep,
 Our guard, when on the silent deck
 The nightly watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
 'Mid rising winds, we hear
 The multitude of waters surge ;
 For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
 The ocean and the land,
 All, all are Thine, and held within
 The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth
 Rose high the angry wave,
 And thy disciples quailed in dread,
 One word of Thine could save ;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
 From man's unbridled will,
 Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
 To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 Across this troubled tide of life
 Thyself our pilot be,
 Until we reach that better land,
 The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman.

758

12s.

WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest
 is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red light-
 ning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to
 cherish,
 We fly to our Maker : — "Help, Lord, or
 we perish !"

- 2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from
Thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Help, Lord, or
we perish!"
- 3 And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare
is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to
cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we
perish!"

R. Heber.

759

8s, 7s. 8l.

- ALL is bright and cheerful round us,
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us;
Spring and all its pleasures too:
Every flower is full of gladness,
Dew is bright and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.
- 2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,
If a day that ends in night,
If the skies that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be God's land of rest,
Where His sons that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?
- 3 There are leaves that never wither;
There are flowers that ne'er decay:
Nothing evil goeth thither;
Nothing good is kept away.

They that came from tribulation,
 Washed their robes and made them
 white,
 Out of every tongue and nation,
 Now have rest, and peace, and light.

J. M. Neale.

760

8s, 7s. 8l.

HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
 On Thy children gathered here,
 May they all, Thy name confessing,
 Be to Thee forever dear ;
 May they be like Joseph, loving,
 Dutiful, and chaste, and pure ;
 And their faith, like David, proving,
 Steadfast unto death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
 Guide their steps and help their weakness,
 Bless and make them like to Thee.
 Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
 In Thine arms and at Thy breast ;
 Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
 Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
 Holy Spirit from above ;
 Guide them, lead them, go before them,
 Give them peace, and joy, and love :
 Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
 May they with Thy presence shine,
 And immortal bliss inherit,
 And for evermore be Thine.

C. Wordsworth.

761

8, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

THERE'S a Friend for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend who never changes,
 Whose love will never die ;

Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years ;
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry ;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare ;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by ;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favor
And loved His name below.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually ;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing ;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

A. Midlane.

762

P. M.

ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In Heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God.

Alleluia,
They love to sing
To God their King ;
Alleluia.

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise,
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.

Alleluia,
We too will sing
To God our King ;
Alleluia.

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia,
Then shall we sing,
To God our King ;
Alleluia.

4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around :
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.

Alleluia,
All then shall sing
To God their King ;
Alleluia.

J. Chandler.

763

6s, 5s.

JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne.

764

8s, 7s.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me ;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me ;
Listen to my evening prayer !

- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven ;
 Bless the friends I love so well :
 Take us all at last to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary L. Duncan.

765

8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4.

- COME, let us all unite and sing,
 "God is love."
 Let heav'n and earth their praises bring :
 "God is love ;"
 Let every soul from sin awake,
 Each in his heart sweet music make,
 And sweetly sing for Jesus' sake,
 "God is love."
- 2 O tell to earth's remotest bound
 "God is love !"
 In Christ is full redemption found :
 God is love,
 His blood can cleanse our sins away ;
 His Spirit turns our night to day,
 And leads our soul with joy to say,
 "God is love."
- 3 What though our heart and flesh should
 fail :
 God is love,
 Through Christ we shall o'er death pre-
 vail :
 God is love.
 In Jordan's swell we need not fear,
 For Jesus will be with us there
 Our souls above the waves to bear :
 God is love.
- 4 In heaven we shall sing again,
 "God is love,"
 Yes, this shall be our noblest strain,
 "God is love."

While endless ages roll along,
 In concert with the heav'nly throng,
 This still shall be our sweetest song,
 "God is love."

C. R. Hurditch.

766

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

JESUS, King of Glory,
 Thron'd above the sky,
 Jesus, tender Saviour,
 Hear Thy children cry.
 Pardon our transgressions,
 Cleanse us from our sin ;
 By Thy Spirit help us
 Heav'nly life to win.

REFRAIN. — Jesus, King of Glory,
 Thron'd above the sky,
 Jesus, tender Saviour,
 Hear Thy children cry.

2 On this day of gladness,
 Bending low the knee
 In Thine earthly temple,
 Lord, we worship Thee ;
 Celebrate Thy goodness,
 Mercy, grace, and truth,
 All Thy loving guidance
 Of our heedless youth. — *Ref.*

3 For the little children,
 Who have come to Thee ;
 For the glad, bright spirits
 Who Thy glory see ;
 For the loved ones resting
 In Thy dear embrace ;
 For the pure and holy
 Who behold Thy face, — *Ref.*

4 For Thy faithful servants
 Who have entered in ;
 For Thy fearless soldiers
 Who have conquered sin ;
 For the countless legions
 Who have followed Thee,
 Heedless of the danger,
 On to victory ;— *Ref.*

5 When the shadows lengthen,
 Show us, Lord, Thy way ;
 Through the darkness lead us
 To the heavenly day.
 When our course is finished,
 Ended all the strife,
 Grant us with the faithful,
 Palms and crowns of life. — *Ref.*
E. Harland.

767

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark ;
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark ;
 When suddenly a voice divine
 Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel, slept ;
 His watch the temple-child,
 The little Levite, kept ;
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh ! give me Samuel's ear,
 The open ear, O Lord,
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of Thy word,
 Like him to answer at Thy call,
 And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh ! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh ! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. Burns.

768

6s, 5s. 8l.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
Marching thro' the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united
Singing on our way.

REFRAIN — Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet :
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way. — *Ref.*

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe :
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.— *Ref.*

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love ;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.— *Ref.*
T. J. Potter.

769

8,7,8,7,4,7.

God Almighty, in Thy temple
Low before Thy throne we bow ;
From Thy dwelling-place in glory
Hear our supplications now,
While we offer
Earnest pray'r and solemn vow.

2 Christ our Saviour, Thou who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,
As Thou didst in days of old ;
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.

3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us ;
Ever dwell our hearts within ;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,
Give us grace to conquer sin,
And, through Jesus,
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

- 4 Holy Trinity, defend us
In a world with evil rife ;
Let Thine angel-guards surround us
In each sore and bitter strife :
O preserve us
Unto everlasting life !

R. H. Baynes.

770

8,7,8,7,4,7.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us ;
For our use Thy folds prepare :
Blessèd Jesus ! Blessèd Jesus !
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

- 2 We are Thine ; do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way ;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray :
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children, when they pray.

- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
Blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor ;
Early let us do Thy will ;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill :
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anon. c.

771

C. M. With Refrain.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, "Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high."

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name ;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Anne H. Shepherd.

772

P. M.

HOLY night ! peaceful night !
Through the darkness beams a light,
Holy night ! peaceful night !
Through the darkness beams a light,
Through the darkness beams a light,

Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night ! holiest night !
Darkness flies, and all is light !
Shepherds hear the angels sing :
" Alleluia ! hail the King !
Jesus the Saviour is here ! "

3 Holiest night ! peaceful night !
Child of heaven, oh, how bright !
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born ;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night ! holiest night !
Guiding Star, O lend thy light !
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King !
Jesus the Saviour is here !

5 Silent night ! holiest night !
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light !
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our king !
Jesus our Saviour is here !

J. Mohr.

773

11,8,11,9. Irregular.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of
old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to
His fold,
I should like to have been with them
then.

- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on
 my head,
 That His arm had been thrown around
 me,
And that I might have seen His kind look
 when He said,
 “Let the little ones come unto Me.”
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may
 go,
 And ask for a share of His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to
 prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven :
And many dear children shall be with Him
 there,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander
 and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home,
I wish they could know there is room for
 them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Jemima Luke.

774

C. M.

DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
 How loving Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard
 A little child like me.

- 2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
 With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
 When I was but a child :

- 3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.
- 4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.
- 5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too :
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber.

775

7s.

- LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet ;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.
- 2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest :
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.
- 3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day ;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.
- 4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow :
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss !
- 5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine :
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

W. W. How.

776

C. M. 81.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away :
 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven !
 Oh, for the golden floor !
 Oh, for the Sun of righteousness
 That setteth nevermore !

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint ;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint ;
 Oh, for a heart that never sins,
 Oh, for a soul washed white,
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night !

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher ;
 But there are perfectness and peace,
 Beyond our best desire :
 Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
 Oh by Thy life laid down !
 Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown !

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

777

8,6,8,6,6,6,6,6.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave for rest ?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture, thro' and thro',
 In God's most holy sight ?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old ;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold ;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'T is weary waiting here ;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near ;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me ;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

F. W. Faber. H. A. & M.

778

8s, 7s. 6l.

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die ;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high ;
In the house of God abiding
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
 True Jerusalem and free ;
 Alleluia, joyful mother,
 All thy children sing with thee ;
 But by Babylon's sad waters
 Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
 Be our song while here below ;
 Alleluia our transgressions
 Make us for a while forego ;
 For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
 Grant us, blessèd Trinity,
 At the last to see Thy glory
 In our home beyond the sky ;
 There to Thee forever singing
 Alleluia joyfully.

Anon. (Latin, 11th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale. H. A. & M.

779

8s, 7s. 6l.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
 Who, of living stones upbuilded,
 Art the joy of heaven above,
 And, with angel hosts encircled,
 As a bride to earth dost move.

2 From celestial realms descending,
 Bridal glory round thee shed,
 Meet for Him whose love espoused thee,
 To thy Lord shalt thou be led ;
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
 Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
 They are open evermore ;

And by virtue of His merits
 Thither faithful souls may soar.
 Who for Christ's dear name, in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
 Polished well those stones elect,
 In their places now compacted
 By the heavenly architect,
 Who therewith hath willed for ever
 That His palace should be decked.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,
 Laud and honor to the Son,
 Laud and honor to the Spirit,
 Ever Three, and ever One,
 Consubstantial, co-eternal,
 While unending ages run.

Anon. (Latin, c. 6th or 7th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.

(Part II. of this hymn is "Christ is made the sure foundation," No. 731.)

780

8s, 7s. 8l.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken ;
 "O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you ;
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All His bounty shall bestow :
 Still in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more, shall see ;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me :
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light."

W. Cowper.

781

8s, 7s. 8l.

- HARK ! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee ;
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hands.
- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist ;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died ;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite :
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth.

782

C. M.

- How BRIGHT these glorious spirits shine :
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high;
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy
Tunes every mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock
 Where living streams appear;
 And God the Lord from every eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.

I. Watts. Scottish Drafts Trs. & Paraphs. W. Cameron.

783

7,6,8,6. 8l.

TEN thousand times ten thousand
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light:
 'Tis finished! all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin:
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 Oh, day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made;
 Oh, joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign:

Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home ;
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come !

H. Alford.

784

S. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord !"

Amen ! so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality !

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

4 Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above !

5 "Forever with the Lord !"
Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;
Fight, and I must prevail.

7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

- 8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat, before the throne,
“Forever with the Lord!”

J. Montgomery.

785

6s, 5s. 8l.

- THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God :
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight ?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white ?
- 2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice :
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross ;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.
- 3 He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground ;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, “I will be crowned :”
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.
- 4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining !

What, with pipe and tabor
 Dream away the light !
 When He bids your labor,
 When He tells you, " Fight " ?

- 5 Jesus, Lord of glory,
 As we breast the tide,
 Whisper Thou the story
 Of the other side ;
 Where the saints are casting
 Crowns before Thy feet,
 Safe for everlasting,
 In Thyself complete.

John of Damascus. Tr. J. M. Neale.

786

7s, 6s. 8l.

PART I.

THE world is very evil,
 The times are waxing late :
 Be sober and keep vigil,
 The Judge is at the gate ; —
 The Judge that comes in mercy,
 The Judge that comes with might,
 To terminate the evil,
 To diadem the right.

- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed ;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead ;
 To the light that hath no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.
- 3 O home of fadeless splendor,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children
 Who here as exiles mourn :

'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refecation for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress !
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

787

7s, 6s. 8l.

PART II.

BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;

And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Zion in her anguish,
 With Babylon must cope ;

3 But He, whom now we trust in,
 Shall then be seen and known ;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.
 And there is David's fountain,
 And life in fullest glow ;
 And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow.

4 The morning shall awaken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day ;
 Yes ! God my King and portion,
 In fullness of His grace,
 We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

788

7s, 6s. 8l.

PART III.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep :

P. 11

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

- 2 O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

- 5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

789

7s, 6s. 8l.

PART IV.

JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest;
 I know not, oh, I know not,
 What joy awaits us there;
 What radiance of glory!
 What bliss beyond compare!

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All-jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David, —
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

790

7s, 6s. 8l.

PART V.

JERUSALEM the glorious !
 The glory of th' elect !
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect ;
 E'en now by faith I see thee :
 E'en here thy walls discern :
 To Thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.

2 Oh, none can tell thy bulwarks,
 How gloriously they rise :
 Oh, none can tell thy capitals
 Of beautiful device :
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart :
 And none, O Peace, O Zion,
 Can sing thee as thou art.

3 Jerusalem, exulting
 On that securest shore,
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore !
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 Shall I ever see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 Shall I ever win thy grace ?

4 I have the hope within me
 To comfort and to bless !
 Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
 O tell me, tell me, yes !
 Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

791

7s, 6s. 8l.

A PILGRIM and a stranger,
I journey here below ;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go.
Here I must toil and travel,
Oft weary and oppressed,
But there my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

2 It is a well-worn pathway, —
Many have gone before ;
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore ;
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith :
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

3 So I must hasten forwards, —
For soon the end will come.
This land of my sojourning
Is not my destined home ;
That evermore abideth,
Jerusalem above,
The everlasting city,
The land of light and love.

4 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'T is there I long to be !
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee.
Come, bid my toils be ended ;
Let all my wanderings cease,
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. J. Borthwick.

792

7s, 6s. 8l.

THERE is a land immortal,
 The beautiful of lands ;
 Beside its ancient portal
 A silent sentry stands ;
 He only can undo it,
 And open wide the door ;
 And mortals who pass through it
 Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
 That leadeth to the gate,
 Yet grace attends the message,
 To souls that watch and wait :
 And at the time appointed
 A messenger comes down,
 And guides the Lord's anointed
 From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
 They're blessèd in their tears ;
 Their journey heavenward winging,
 They leave on earth their fears :
 Death like an angel seemeth ;
 "We welcome thee," they cry ;
 Their face with glory beameth —
 'Tis life for them to die !

T. MacKellar.

793

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

UPWARD where the stars are burning,
 Silent, silent in their turning
 Round the never changing pole ;
 Upward where the sky is brightest,
 Upward where the blue is lightest,
 Lift I now my longing soul.

- 2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.
- 3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes ;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.
- 4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him ;
With His name the palace rings.
- 5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet :
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

H. Bonar.

794

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold ;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

- 3 O when, thou City of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labors have an end
 When I thy joys shall see.

*Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery), Eckington Coll.
 (based on "F. B. P." in MSS. of 16th or 17th Cent.).*

795

C. M. 81.

- O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
 O happy harbor of God's saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.
- 2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;
 But every soul shines as the sun ;
 For God Himself gives light.
 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
 The King that sitteth on thy throne
 In His felicity ?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green,
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant
 As nowhere else are seen. [flowers
 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
 The living waters flow,
 And on the banks, on either side,
 The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
 And evermore do spring :
 There evermore the angels are,
 And evermore do sing.
 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Would God I were in thee !
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see !

D. Dickson.

(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS. 16th or 17th Cent.)

796

8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wand'ers giv'n ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for ev'ry wounded breast,
 'T is found above, in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

- 4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

797

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

- 3 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, trembling on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

- 4 O could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With faith's illumined eyes :

- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

I. Watts.

798

7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

IN exile here we wander,
 In heaven is our abode,—
 The city of the angels,
 The city of our God.

And here we toil, and strive, and fight,
 With sin and woe opprest ;
 There God will give the sons of light
 Eternal joy and rest.

2 Through many sore temptations,
 By many sorrows torn,
 We strive to win the glory ;
 Our many falls we mourn.
 But faith holds out the vision bright
 Of our eternal home ;
 And hope assures that realm of light,
 When we have overcome.

3 Jesus, our joy and gladness,
 To Thee for aid we flee ;
 Give tears of true contrition ;
 Our souls from guilt set free :—
 And we shall rise in that great day
 In bodies like to Thine,
 And with Thy saints, in bright array,
 Shall in Thy glory shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,
 Who here as exiles groan,
 God's praises shall be telling
 Before His glorious throne ;
 There in our endless home shall rest
 From strife and sorrow free,
 And join the anthem of the blest
 For ever, Lord, to Thee.

W. Crooke.

799

8s, 7s. 6l.

LIGHT's abode, celestial Salem,
 Vision whence true peace doth spring,
 Brighter than the heart can fancy,
 Mansion of the highest King ;
 Oh, how glorious are the praises
 Which of thee the prophets sing !

- 2 There forever and forever
 Alleluia is outpoured ;
 For unending, for unbroken,
 Is the feast-day of the Lord ;
 All is pure and all is holy
 That within thy walls is stored.
- 3 There no cloud nor passing vapor
 Dims the brightness of the air ;
 Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
 From the Sun of suns is there ;
 There no night brings rest from labor,
 For unknown are toil and care.
- 4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
 Fragile body, shalt thou be,
 When endued with so much beauty,
 Full of health, and strong, and free,
 Full of vigor, full of pleasure
 That shall last eternally !
- 5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
 Bear the burden on thee laid,
 That hereafter these thy labors
 May with endless gifts be paid,
 And in everlasting glory
 Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Anon. (Latin, 15th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale.

800

10s.

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
 Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones
 see !

Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;
 God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

- 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His
 throne ?
 What are the peace and the joy that they
 own ?

Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have
share,
All that they feel could as fully declare !

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of
the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can
bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing ;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of
praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is
o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore ;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised
on high,
We for that country must yearn and must
sigh ;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through
Whom are all ;
Of Whom, the Father ; and in Whom, the
Son ;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever
One.

P. Abelard, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

801

4s, 6s. 8l.

SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow ;
Rest, where none weep,
Till th' eternal morrow ;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness ;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness :
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when thou appearest :
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

E. A. Dayman.

802

L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomèd sting.

- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be ;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay.

803

7, 7, 4.

LET no tears to-day be shed ;
Holy is this narrow bed.
Alleluia !

2 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run : —
Alleluia !

3 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward ;
Alleluia !

4 Grants the prize without the course ;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia !

5 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence,
Alleluia !

6 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia !

- 7 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.

Alleluia !

Anon. Paris Missal. Tr. R. F. Littledale.

804

S. M.

It is not death to die ;
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

- 3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life !
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. C. Malan. Tr. G. W. Bethune.

805

7,8,7,8,7,7.

GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping ;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

- 2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it ;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving :
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. Meinhold. Tr. C. Winkworth.

806

7,7,7,7,8,8.

- NOW THE laborer's task is o'er ;
Now the battle-day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 2 There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear ;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

- 4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust ;"
Calmly now the words we say ;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton.

807

L. M. 61.

- God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine : we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.
- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
- 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree :
Not dead, but living unto Thee.
- 4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

- 5 O Breather into man of breath,
 O Holder of the keys of death,
 O Giver of the life within,
 Save us from death, the death of sin ;
 That body, soul, and spirit be
 Forever living unto Thee !

J. Ellerton.

808

7,6,7,6,7,6,7,4.

- THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of Heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair, sweet morn awakes.
 Oh ! dark hath been the midnight,
 But day-spring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.
- 2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love !
 The streams of earth I've tasted ;
 More deep I'll drink above.
 There to an ocean fullness
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lustred with His love :
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.
- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face ;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace ;

Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His piercèd hand :
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Emmanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin.

809

S. M. 8l.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
 Nearer my home, to-day, am I
 Than e'er I've been before.
 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be ;
 Nearer to-day the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

- 2 Nearer the bound of life
 Where burdens are laid down ;
 Nearer to leave the heavy cross ;
 Nearer to gain the crown.
 But, lying dark between,
 Winding down through the night,
 There rolls the silent, unknown stream
 That leads at last to light.
- 3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
 Are slipping on the brink,
 And I, to-day, am nearer home, —
 Nearer than now I think.
 Father, perfect my trust ;
 Strengthen my spirit's faith ;
 Nor let me stand, at last, alone
 Upon the shore of death.

Miss P. Cary.

810

8s, 7s. 6l.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
 To His feet thy tribute bring ;
 Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiven,
 Who, like me, His praise should sing ?

Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the Everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

2 Father-like, He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. Lyte.

811

7s, 6s. 8l.

FATHER ! the light and darkness
Are both alike to Thee ;
Then, to Thy waiting servant,
Alike they both shall be.
That great unending future,
I cannot pierce its shroud ;
But nothing doubt, nor tremble :
God's bow is in the cloud.

2 To Him I yield my spirit ;
On Him I lay my load ;
Fear ends with death : beyond it
I nothing see but God.

Thus moving towards the darkness,
 I calmly wait His call,
 Seeing and fearing nothing,
 Hoping and trusting all.

S. Grey.

812

10s. 2l.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of
 sin :

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
 pressed :

To do the will of Jesus, —this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
 round :

In Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
 away :

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all un-
 known :

Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us
 and ours :

Jesus has vanquished death and all its
 powers.

7 It is enough ; earth's struggles soon shall
 cease,

And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect
 peace.

E. H. Bickersteth.

813

11s, 10s. With Refrain.

HARK ! hark, my soul ! Angelic songs are
swelling

O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's
wave-beat shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains
are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no
more.

REFRAIN — Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims
of the night !

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,

“ Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come ; ”

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.
— *Ref.*

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening peal-
ing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea,

And laden souls by thousands meekly steal-
ing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps
to Thee.— *Ref.*

4 Rest comes at length : though life be long
and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night
be past ;

Faith's journeys end in welcome to the
weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.— *Ref.*

5 Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches
 keeping ;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
 above ;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of
 weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-
 less love. — *Ref.*

F. W. Faber.

814

10,4,10,4,10,10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling
 gloom,
 Lead Thou me on ;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
 Lead Thou me on :
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past
 years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it
 still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
 till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile.

J. H. Newman.

815

L. M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
 The glitt'ring sky, the silver sea ;
 For all their beauty, all their worth,
 Their light and glory, come from Thee.

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
 The trees that wave their arms above,
 The hills that gird our dwellings round,
 As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
 More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
 Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
 One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
 On all the gifts Thy love has given,
 Help us in Thee to live and die,
 By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

G. E. L. Cotton.

816

11s, 10s.

PRAISE ye Jehovah ! praise the Lord most
 holy,

Who cheers the contrite, girds with
 strength the weak ;

Praise Him who will with glory crown the
 lowly,

And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving kind-
 ness,

And all the tender mercy He hath shown ;
 Praise Him who pardons all our sin and
 blindness,

And calls us sons, and takes us for His
 own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of every blessing,
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are
dim ;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possess-
ing,
All things are ours, for we have all in
Him.

4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who
gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
Praise ye the Son who died Himself to
save us ;
Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in
One.

M. Cockburn-Campbell.

817

S. M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessings high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify ?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought !

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 God is our strength and song
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

J. Montgomery.

818

10s.

BLESSING and honor and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore,
Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and
the throne.

2 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the
war ;
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar ;
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end ;
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing and honor and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we
raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem, whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm !

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

H. Bonar. Ab.

819

10s.

HONOR and glory, thanksgiving and praise,
Maker of all things, to Thee we upraise ;
God the Almighty, the Father, the Lord ;
God by the angels obeyed and adored.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth ;
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth ;
All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,
Started to life and to light at Thy word.

3 Earth with the mountain, the river, the
plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the
rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy
care.

4 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father, of all.

5 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move ;
Guide us in life, and protect to the last ;
And, at Thine Advent, Lord, pardon the
past.

E. A. Dayman. Ab.

820

7s.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

- 3 Hail, by all Thy works adored,
Hail, the everlasting Lord ;
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow ;
Hear, the world's atonement Thou :
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
Art with Thy great Father One ;
One, the Holy Ghost with Thee ;
One supreme, eternal Three.

C. Wesley.

821

L. M.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star :
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 - 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'T is midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.
 - 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg.

822

10s.

SPIRIT of God, descend upon my heart ;
Wean it from earth, through all its
pulses move ;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to
love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angels visitant, no opening skies ;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast thou not bid us love Thee, God and
King ?

All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and
strength, and mind ;

I see Thy cross — there teach my heart to
cling :

Oh, let me seek Thee, and, oh, let me
find.

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always
nigh ;

Teach me the struggles of the soul to
bear,

To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh ;
Teach me the patience of unanswered
prayer.

- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels
love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The kindling of the Heaven-descended
Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the
flame.

G. Croly.

823

10,10,7.

- SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heav'n, oh, sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.
- 2 Ye powers, who stand before the eternal
Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.
- 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake
again
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms
in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be
this,
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your
King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought
back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er
shall lack
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things
made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore ; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Cent.) Tr. J. Ellerton.

824

L. M. 8l.

O God of God ! O Light of Light !
Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of
kings,
To Thee, where angels know no night,
The song of praise forever rings ;
To Him who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain for sinful men,
Be honor, might ; all by Him won ;
Glory and praise ! Amen, Amen !

2 Deep in the Prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord ;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song, " Good-will to men !"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, " Good-will ! " Amen.

3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,
That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn ;
These all are past, and now above,
He reigns our King ! once crowned with
thorn.

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 So sang His hosts, unheard by men ;
 Lift up your heads, for you He waits.
 We lift them up ! Amen, Amen !

- 4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep ;
 Isles of the sea, where darkness lay ;
 These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
 And throng with joy the upward way.
 They cry with us, " Send forth Thy light,"
 O Lamb, once slain for sinful men ;
 Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might ;
 Set all men free ! Amen, Amen !
- 5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
 Sing to His name, His love forth tell ;
 Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong ;
 Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell ;
 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 From angels, praise ; and thanks from
 men ;
 Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
 Glory and power ! Amen, Amen !

J. Julian.

825

L. M.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labor to pursue,
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
 Oh let me cheerfully fulfil ;
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
 And hide my simple heart above ;
 Above the thorns of choking care,
 The gilded baits of worldly love.

- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
 And labor on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.
- 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray ;
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to Thy glorious day :
- 6 For Thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
- C. Wesley. Verse 2, l. 4, alt.*

826

L. M.

- OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
 When angels touch the quivering string,
 And wake, to chant Emmanuel's love,
 Such strains as angel-lips can sing.
- 2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
 From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,
 When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
 And, grateful, hymn Emmanuel's praise.
- 3 Jesus, Thy name our souls adore ;
 We own the bond that makes us Thine ;
 And carnal joys that charmed before,
 For Thy dear sake we now resign.
- 4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
 Accept Thine offered grace to-day ;
 Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
 We bow, and give ourselves away.
- 5 In Thee we trust — on Thee rely ;
 Though we are feeble, Thou art strong ;
 Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
 To join the bright immortal throng !
- Ray Palmer.*

827

7s. 6l.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love :
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine !
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven ;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

F. S. Pierpoint.

828

7s. 6l.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone, —
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

J. Newton.

829

L. M. 6l.

THE saints of God, their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
Nor more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord :
O happy saints ! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest !

- 2 The saints of God ! Their wanderings
done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal ;
O happy saints ! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest !
- 3 The saints of God ! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head :
O happy saints ! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest !
- 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies :
O happy saints ! rejoice and sing ;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.
- 5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry ;
O Saviour, plead for us on high ;
O Holy Ghost, our guide and friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end ;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

W. D. Maclagan.

830

L. M. 6l.

SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,
Against my soul the battle goes !
Yet though I weary, sore distress,
I know that I shall reach my rest ;
I lift my tearful eyes above, —
His banner over me is love !

- 2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field ;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light ;
I lift my brightening eyes above, —
His banner over me is love !
- 3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain Him,
And in the mid-night of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near ;
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love !

G. Massey.

831

6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6.

- NOW THANK we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.
- 2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,

The one Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinkart. Tr. C. Winkworth.

832

P. M. 8,7,8,7,6,6,6,6,7.

IN myriad forms, by myriad names,
Men seek to bind and mold Thee;
But Thou dost melt, like wax in flames,
The cords that would enfold Thee.
Who madest life and light,
Bring'st morning after night,
Who all things did'st create —
No majesty, nor state,
Nor word, nor world can hold Thee!

2 Great God, to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven;
Maker of stars, and earth, and man,
To Thee our praise is given.
Of suns Thou art the Sun,
Eternal, holy One;
Who us can help save Thou?
To Thee alone we bow!
Hear us, O God in heaven!

R. W. Gilder.

833

8,8,8,4.

FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, Thine, Lord, are we;
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one!

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

- 3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone :
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,
Making them one.
- 4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold ;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.
- 5 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love ;
Oh, make us one !
- 6 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

C. Wordsworth.

834

L. M.

- PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits ;
Pray'r shall besiege Thy temple gates ;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, thro' Christ, salvation there.
- 2 Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail :
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.
- 3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.
- 4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned ;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around ;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles, and owns her King.

- 5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour :
 The moral waste within restore :
 O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
 And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. Lyte.

835

8s, 7s. 6l.

- SING, ye faithful, sing with gladness !
 Wake your noblest, sweetest strain !
 With the praises of your Saviour
 Let His house resound again !
 Him let all your music honor,
 And your songs exalt His reign !
- 2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
 Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
 Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
 Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
 Passed within the gates of darkness,
 Thence His banished ones to save !
- 3 So He tasted death for all men,
 He of all mankind the Head,
 Sinless one among the sinful,
 Prince of life among the dead ;
 So He wrought the full redemption,
 And the captor captive led.
- 4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
 From His Father's throne, the Son
 Rules and guides the world He ransom'd,
 Till the appointed work be done,
 Till He see, renewed and perfect,
 All things gathered into one.
- 5 Day of promised restitution !
 Fruit of all His sorrows past !
 When the crown of His dominion
 He before the throne shall cast,
 And throughout the wide creation
 God be "all in all" at last.

J. Ellerton.

836

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before !
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

REFRAIN. — Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before !

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise !
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;

Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc.

- 5 Onward, then, ye people !
 Join our happy throng !
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song !
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King ;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould.

837

6s, 5s. 8l.

At the name of Jesus
 Ev'ry knee shall bow,
 Ev'ry tongue confess Him
 King of glory now ;
 'Tis the Father's pleasure
 We should call Him Lord,
 Who from the beginning
 Was the mighty Word.

- 2 At His voice creation
 Sprang at once to sight,
 All the angel-faces
 All the hosts of light,
 Thrones and dominations,
 Stars upon their way,
 All the heavenly orders,
 In their great array.

- 3 Humbled for a season,
 To receive a name
 From the lips of sinners
 Unto whom He came,

Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed :

4 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height :
To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5 In your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true ;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train ;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

C. M. Noel.

838

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

ON our way rejoicing
As we homeward move,
Harken to our praises,
O Thou God of love !

Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee!

REFRAIN.—On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Harken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.—*Ref.*

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?—*Ref.*

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!—*Ref.*

J. S. B. Monsell.

839

8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7.

HARK! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing our great Creator's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Ye heavens and earth, rejoice!
And every heart and voice
Your joyous strains upraise,
In notes of endless praise,
Before His Throne for ever, for ever.

2 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the praise of Christ our King,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Who left His Throne on high,
And lowly came to die,
That we from earth might rise
To realms beyond the skies,
And live with Him for ever, for ever.

3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Who bids us flee from sin,
And makes us pure within,
Till, warmed with heavenly love,
We yearn to sing above
Glad songs of praise for ever!

4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To high upraise our songs of praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Till soaring higher and higher,
We join the heavenly choir
Before His Throne for ever!

G. Thring.

840

P. M. Irregular.

We come in the might of the Lord of light,
 With armor bright to meet Him;
 And we put to flight the armies of night,
 That the sons of the day may greet Him,
 The sons of the day may greet Him.
 We march, we march to victory,
 With the cross of the Lord before us,
 With His loving eye looking down from
 the sky,
 And His holy arm spread o'er us,
 His holy arm spread o'er us.

- 2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
 Our helmet is His salvation,
 Our banner, the cross of Calvary,
 Our watchword, the Incarnation.
 We march, we march, etc.
- 3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
 Our march to the golden Zion;
 For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
 And burst the bars of iron.
 We march, we march, etc.
- 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
 With the banner of Christ before us,
 With His eye of love looking down from
 above,
 And His holy arm spread o'er us.
 We march, we march, etc.

G. Moultrie.

841

8s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

PRESSING forward, reaching forward,
 To the things before;
 See! the Church of God moves onward,
 Ever more and more;

Rough the road and stern the trial,
But the end is sure ;
Faith can smile thro' self-denial,
Courage can endure.

REFRAIN.—Pressing forward, pressing forward,
To the things before,
See ! the church of God moves on-
ward,
Ever more and more.

2 Not as though we apprehended,
Or our work were done ;
Not as though the race were ended,
Or the vict'ry won ;
Not without a fear of falling,
But in faith and love
For the prize of our high calling
To the mark we move.— *Ref.*

3 We have sinned and we are sinning
Every passing day ;
But the Cross our pardon winning
Hides our guilt away.
Thus the sinful past forgetting
Zionward we tend,
Firm as flint our faces setting,
Faithful to the end.— *Ref.*

4 Angels at our side attend us,
Missioned from above ;
Spirit-hosts unseen befriend us—
Ministries of love ;
God, our Father, still protects us ;
Jesus is our stay ;
God, the Holy Ghost, directs us,
Through the lifelong way.— *Ref.*

5 Fainting often, yet pursuing,
Still our way we make,
Looking to our Head, and doing
All for Jesus' sake.

Glory, honor, wisdom, blessing,
 Lord, for Thee we claim,
 Nothing having, yet possessing
 All in Thy dear name.— *Ref.*

- 6 Oh, how grand will be the meeting
 When the race is run ;
 Oh, how sweet will be the greeting,
 “ Faithful one, well done ! ”
 Oh, the thought of clearly seeing
 What we dimly see ;
 Oh, the joy, our God, of being
 Evermore with Thee ! — *Ref.*

S. C. Lowry.

842

9s, 7s. With Refrain.

- *HOLY Ghost, come down upon Thy children,
 Give us grace and make us Thine ;
 Thy tender fires within us kindle,
 Blessed Spirit, Dove divine !
- 2 For aill within us, good and holy,
 Is from Thee, Thy precious gift ;
 In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
 Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.— *Ref.*
- 3 For Thou to us art more than father,
 More than sister in Thy love,
 So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
 Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove ! — *Ref.*
- 4 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit !
 Wayward, wanton, cold are we ;
 And still our sins, new every morning,
 Never yet have wearied Thee.— *Ref.*
- 5 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
 We would take Thee for our Lord.
 O dearest Spirit, make us faithful
 To Thy least and lighest word.— *Ref.*

F. W. Faber.

*The first verse to be sung as refrain after each succeeding verse.

843

P. M. With Refrain.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining;
 ing;

Father in Heaven, the day is declining.
 Safety and innocence fly with the light,
 Temptation and danger walk forth with
 the night.

From the fall of the shade till the morning
 bells chime

Shield me from danger, save me from
 crime.

REFRAIN.—Father, have mercy, Father have
 mercy,

Father have mercy, thro' Jesus
 Christ our Lord.

2 Father in Heaven, oh, hear when we call;
 Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of
 all.

Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;
 In doubting and darkness, Thy love be
 our light.

Let us sleep on Thy breast when the
 night taper burns,

Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.

— *Ref.*

Anon.

844

6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

HEAR us, Thou that broodest

O'er the wat'ry deep,

Waking all creation

From its primal sleep;

Holy Spirit, breathing

Breath of life divine,

Breathe into our spirits,

Blending them with Thine.

REFRAIN.—Light and life Immortal,
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh ;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.—*Ref.*

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet ;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle's won.—*Ref.*

4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.—*Ref.*

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee,—
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love ;
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.—*Ref.*
G. Thring.

845

S. M. 81.

I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice ;
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild :
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love ;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that washed me in His blood,
'T was He that made me whole ;
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold ;
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

H. Bonar.

846

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise :
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free !

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !

5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

S. Medley.

847

L. M.

BEHOLD ! a stranger 's at the door ;
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still :
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands :
Oh, matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
He will ; the very friend you need :
The Friend of sinners — yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

J. Grigg.

848

7s. 6l.

- JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal ;
Chart and compass came from Thee :
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, " Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
" Fear not, I will pilot thee."

E. Hopper.

849

8s, 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton.

850

11s.

I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way :
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by
sin,
Temptation without and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.

3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the
tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom :
There sweet be my rest till He bid me
arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the
skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God ?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :

- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
 meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to
 greet,
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
 roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
 the soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

851

L. M.

- JESUS, the calm that fills my breast
 No other heart than Thine can give ;
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest,
 None but Thy loved ones can receive.
- 2 My weary soul has found a charm
 That turns to blessedness my woe ;
Within the shelter of Thine arm
 I rest secure from storm and foe.
- 3 In desert waste I feel no dread,
 Fearless I walk the trackless sea ;
I care not where my way is led,
 Since all my life is life with Thee.
- 4 O Christ, thro' changeful years my guide,
 My comforter in sorrow's night,
My friend, when friendless, still abide,
 My Lord, my counsellor, my light.
- 5 My time, my powers, I give to Thee ;
 My inmost soul 't is Thine to move ;
I wait for Thy eternity,
 I wait in peace, in praise, in love.

F. M. North.

852

10s.

O THOU great friend to all the sons of men,
 Who once didst come in humblest guise
 below,
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
 And call Thy brethren forth from want
 and woe,

2 We look to Thee ; Thy truth is still the
 light
 Which guides the nations, groping on
 their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes, Thou art still the Life ; Thou art the
 Way
 The holiest know ; Light, Life, and Way
 of heaven !
 And they who dearest hope and deepest
 pray,
 Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou
 hast given.

T. Parker.

853

10,4,10,4,10,10.

LIGHT of the world ! whose kind and gentle
 care

Is joy and rest ;

Whose counsels and commands so gracious
 are,

Wisest and best,—

Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard
 the way,

Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

- 2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure
 desire,
 Its hope and peace;
 Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
 Falter, or cease;
 But be to me, true friend, my chief delight,
 And safely guide, that every step be right.
- 3 My blessèd Lord! what bliss to feel Thee
 near,
 Faithful and true;
 To trust in Thee, without one doubt or
 fear,
 Thy will to do;
 And all the while to know that Thou, our
 friend,
 Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.
- 4 And then, oh, then! when sorrow's night
 is o'er,
 Life's daylight come,
 And we are safe within heaven's golden
 door,
 At home! at home!
 How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
 Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise.

H. Bateman.

854

7,7,7,7,4. With Refrain.

DAY is dying in the west;
 Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Thro' all the sky.

REFRAIN.—Holy, holy, holy
 Lord God of Hosts!
 Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!
 Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,
 O Lord most high!

- 2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.— *Ref.*

Mary A. Lathbury.

855

L. M.

Now to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of His grace !
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

- 4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of Thy hands ;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

- 5 Grace,—'t is a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name :
Ye angels ! dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens ! reflect it to the ground.

- 6 Oh ! may I live to reach the place,
Where He unveils His lovely face,
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

I. Watts.

856

8s. 7s. With Refrain.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them, as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger :

REFRAIN.—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's
 strand ;

Our friends are passing over ;
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our heavenly home discerning ;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 "Let every lamp be burning :"—*Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing ;
 That perfect rest nought can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing :—*Ref.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever ;
 Our King says, "Come !" and there's
 our home,
 Forever, oh, forever :—*Ref.*

D. Nelson.

857

C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumb'ring care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
Of Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. P. H. Benson.

858

C. M.

I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must; for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

- 5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
 My Comfort and my Love,
 My Life below, and He shall be
 My Joy and Crown above.

J. Mason.

859

8,8,8,6.

- DRAWN to the cross, which Thou hast
 blessed
 With healing gifts for souls distressed,
 To find in Thee my life, my rest,
 Christ Crucified, I come.
- 2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
 Thy grace abused, my misspent years;
 Yet now to Thee, with contrite tears,
 Christ Crucified, I come.
- 3 Wash me, and take away each stain;
 Let nothing of my sin remain;
 For cleansing, though it be through pain,
 Christ Crucified, I come.
- 4 And then for work to do for Thee,
 Which shall so sweet a service be
 That angels well might envy me,
 Christ Crucified, I come.

Miss G. M. Irons.

860

6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With loving zeal;
 The poor, and them that mourn,
 The faint and overborne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer ;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing ;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord ;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing ;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song ;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott.

861

7s, 6s. 8l.

THE Homeland ! O the Homeland !
The land of souls freeborn !
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn :
I'm sighing for that Country,
My heart is aching here ;
There is no pain in the Homeland
To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair ;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there ;

The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

- 3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home :
O dear, dear native Country !
O rest and peace above !
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

H. R. Haweis.

862

6s, 5s. 12l.

WHO is on the Lord's side ?
Who will serve the King ?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring ?
Who will leave the world's side ?
Who will face the foe ?
Who is on the Lord's side ?
Who for Him will go ?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

- 2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died :
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem:
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band:
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right royal,
Noble, true, and bold.

Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

F. R. Havergal.

863

8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3.

Angel voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps, forever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee
Lord of might.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure,
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blessèd Trinity :
 Of the best that Thou hast given
 Earth and heaven
 Render Thee.

F. Pott.

864

8s, 7s. 8l.

- "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched,
 Sin-stain'd wand'ers from the fold ;
 Peace and pardon freely offer;
 Can you weigh their worth with gold ?
 "Call them in"—the weak, the weary,
 Laden with the doom of sin :
 Bid them come and rest in Jesus,
 He is waiting : "Call them in."
- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile,
 Bid the stranger to the feast:
 "Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
 From the highest to the least:
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,
 He hath all their sorrows seen:
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
 Wait the lost ones : "Call them in."
- 3 "Call them in"—the little children
 Tarrying far away, away;
 Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,
 Christ would have them come to-day.
 Follow on, the Lamb is leading !
 He has conquered—we shall win:
 Bring the halt and blind to Jesus,
 He will heal them : "Call them in."

- 4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
 Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
 Speak love's message, low and tender—
 'T was for sinners Jesus came:
 See! the shadows lengthen round us,
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely?
 Christ is coming: "Call them in."

A. Shipton.

865

8s, 7s. 8l.

- I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
 He loved me ere I knew Him;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him;
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which naught can sever,
 For I am His and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever.
- 2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me:
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
 I'll hold it for the Giver;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever.
- 3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
 All power to Him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven:
 Eternal glory gleams afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavor:
 So now to watch, to work, to war;
 And then to rest for ever.

- 4 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 So kind and true and tender !
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender !
 From Him, who loves me now so well,
 What power my soul shall sever ?
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell ?
 No: I am His for ever.

J. G. Small.

866

L. M.

He leadeth me : O blessèd thought !
 O words with heav'nly comfort fraught !
 What e'er I do, where e'er I be,
 Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.
 He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
 By His own hand He leadeth me:
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's flowers bloom,
 By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
 Still 't is His hand that leadeth me.
 REF.— He leadeth me, etc.

- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine;
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
 REF.— He leadeth me, etc.

- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When by Thy grace the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
 REF.— He leadeth me, etc.

J. H. Gilmore.

867

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son ;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

C. Wesley.

868

8s, 7s.

Christ, above all glory seated !
King triumphant, strong to save !
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain ;
On th' eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

- 3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below ;
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and defeated, bow.
- 4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky ;
Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high ;
- 5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.
- 6 Hail ! all hail ! In Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore ;
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore !

Tr. J. R. Woodford.

869

7,6,7,5. 81.

- Work, for th night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon :
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

A. L. Coghill.

870

8s, 4s.

- I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,—
I come to Thee.
- 2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—REF.
- 3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.
- 4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.
- 5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

A. S. Hawks.

871

8s, 7s. 8l.

Who trusts in God, a strong abode
 In heav'n and earth possesses;
 Who looks in love to Christ above,
 No fear his heart oppresses.
 In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
 Sweet hope and consolation;
 Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
 Our great and sure salvation.

2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
 And worldly scorn assail us,
 While Thou art near we will not fear,
 Thy strength shall never fail us:
 Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
 And guide our steps forever;
 Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
 Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
 Our feet shall stand securely;
 Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
 For Thou shalt guard us surely.
 O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
 Our body, soul, and spirit,
 Until we stand at Thy right hand,
 Through Jesus' saving merit.

Tr. B. H. Kennedy.

872

Irregular.

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea.

- 2 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the bound-
 less deep
 Turns again home.
- 3 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark;
- 4 For, though from out our bourne of time
 and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

A. Tennyson.

873

L. M.

- With tearful eyes I look around;
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me!"
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my soul may flee:
 O, to the weary, faint, opprest,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"
- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee;
 To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion; Come to Me!"
- 4 O voice of mercy; voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above,
 And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

C. Elliott.

874

7s. 6l.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinching heart,—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

R. M. McCheyne.

875

S. M.

If, through unruffled seas,
Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
 To make Thy will our own;
 And when the joys of sense depart,
 To live by faith alone.

A. M. Toplady.

876

11s, 10s.

Father in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
 Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling
 love;
 For we are weak, and need some deep re-
 vealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness from
 above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through
 doubt and sorrow,
 And Thou hast made each step an onward
 one;
 And we will ever trust each unknown
 morrow;
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence
 kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
 Now make us strong, we need Thy deep re-
 vealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness from
 above.

S. Johnson.

877

9s, 8s.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
 The darkness falls at Thy behest;
 To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
 Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island,
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

J. Ellerton.

878

7s.

- Holy Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and Inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this soul of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire;
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

S. Longfellow.

879

C. M.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill His word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

J. Swain.

880

8s, 7s.

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me!"

- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."
- 4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. F. Alexander.

881

6s, 5s. 8l.

Summer suns are glowing,
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free;
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

- 2 God's free mercy streameth,
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled;
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

- 3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour,
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more:

And when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be Thou nigh.

- 4 We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil Thy light :
 Life is dark without Thee,
 Death with Thee is bright ;
 Light of light ! Shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way,
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

W. W. How.

882

6s. 8l.

O Love that casts out fear
 O Love that casts out sin,
 Tarry no more without
 But come and dwell within.
 True Sunlight of the soul,
 Surround me as I go;
 So shall my way be safe,
 My feet no straying know.

- 2 Great Love of God, come in,
 Wellspring of heavenly peace;
 Thou Living Water, come,
 Spring up, and never cease.
 Love of the Living God,
 Of Father and of Son,
 Love of the Holy Ghost,
 Fill Thou each needy one.

H. Bonar.

883

6,4,6,4,6,6,4.

No ! not despairingly
 Come I to Thee ;
 No ! not distrustingly
 Bend I the knee.

Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been,
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away;
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood.
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen,
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

H. Bonar.

NOTE.—“Numbers 884-900 inclusive are ‘Supplementary Tunes’ and consequently appear only in the music edition.”

Selections for Chanting.

901

- 1 THE *Lord* is in His | ho-ly | temple || let all
the *earth* keep | si- · lence be- | fore—
| Him. — *Hab. ii. 20.*
- 2 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of
| holiness || *fear* be- | fore Him | all the
| earth. — *Ps. xcvi. 9.*
- 3 Let the words of my mouth, and the medi-
tation | of my | heart || be acceptable in
Thy sight, O *Lord* my | strength and
| my re- | deemer. — *Ps. xix. 14.*
- 4 O send out Thy light and Thy *truth* that
| they may | lead me || and bring me
unto Thy *holy* | hill and | to Thy | dwell-
ing. — *Ps. xliii. 3.*
- 5 This is the *day* which the | Lord hath |
made || we will rejoice | and be | glad
in | it. — *Ps. cxviii. 24.*
- 6 { I was glad when they *said* | un-to | me ||
Let us *go* into the | house — | of the
| Lord. — *Ps. cxxii. 1.*
Pray for the *peace* | of Je- | rusalem || *they*
shall | prosper · that | love — | Thee. —
Ps. cxxii. 2.
- 7 I will arise and *go* | to my | Father || and
| will say | un-to | Him || Father, I have
sinned against *heaven* and be- | fore—
| Thee || and I am no more *worthy* to
be | call-ed | Thy — | son. — *Luke xv.*
18, 19.

8 From the rising of the sun even unto the going *down* | of the | same || My *name* shall be | great a- | mong the | Gentiles || and in every place incense shall be offered unto My *Name* and a | pure — | offering || for My *Name* shall be great among the *heathen* | saith the | Lord of | hosts. — *Mal. i. 11.*

902

1 O COME let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord || let us heartily *rejoice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His *presence* | with thanks- | giving || and show *ourselves* | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the *corners* | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is | His — | also.

5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || and His *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry — | land.

6 O come, let us *worship* and | fall — | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His *pasture* and the | sheep of | His — | hand. — *Ps. xcv. 1-7.*

8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.

9* For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge
the | earth || and with righteousness to
judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with
His | truth. — *Ps. xcvi. 9, 13.*

Glory be to the *Father*, | and · to the | Son, ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er
| shall be || *world* without | end. — *A- —*
men.

903

1 GLORY be to | God on | high || and on *earth*
| peace good | will · towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-
ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

3 O Lord *God* | Heaven- · ly | King || *God* the
| Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus |
Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God*
| Son — | of the | Father,

5 That takest away the | sins · of the | world
|| have *mercy* up- | on — | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the
| world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the
| world || re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of |
God the | Father || have *mercy* up- | on
— | us.

9 For Thou only | art — | holy || *Thou* | on-ly
| art the | Lord.

* Last half of Double Chant.

10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly |
 Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory ·
 of | God the | Father.

904

- 1 WE *praise* | Thee O | God || we *acknow-*
 ledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee || *the*
 | Fa-ther | ev - er- | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all *Angels* | cry a- | loud || the
Heavens and | all the | Powers there-
 | in.
- 4 To Thee *Cherubim* and | Ser-a- | phim ||
con- | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 *Holy* | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God of | Sab-
 a- | oth ;
- 6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-
 es- | ty || *of* | Thy — | Glor- — | ry.
- 7 The glorious *company* | of · the A- | postles
 || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 8 The goodly *fellowship* | of the | Prophets ||
praise | — — | — — | Thee.
- 9 The *noble* | army · of | Martyrs || *praise* |
 — — | — — | Thee.
- 10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the |
 world || *doth* | — ac - | knowl - edge |
 Thee ;
- 11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || *of* an | in- · finite |
 Maj-es- | ty ;
- 12 *Thine* a- | dor- · able, | true || *and* | on-
 — | — ly | Son ;
- 13* Also the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | Com- —
 | fort- — | er.

- 14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory || O | — —
| — — | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the *ever-* | last-ing | Son || *of* |
— the | Fa- — | ther.
- 16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-
er | man || Thou didst humble *Thyself*
to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
- 17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharp-
ness · of | death || Thou didst open the
Kingdom of | Heaven · to | all be- |
lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God ||
in the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.
- 19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come || *to* |
be — | our — | Judge.
- 20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | ser-
vants || whom Thou hast redeemed |
with Thy | pre-cious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be *numbered* | with Thy
| Saints || *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
- 22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *and* | bless
Thine | her-it- | age.
- 23 *Gov-* | — ern | them || *and* | lift them | up
for- | ever.
- 24 *Day* | by — | day || *we* | mag-ni- | fy — |
Thee;
- 25 *And* we | worship · Thy | Name || *ever* |
world with- | out — | end.
- 26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep *us* this
| day with- | out — | sin.
- 27 O *Lord* · have | mercy · up- | on us ||
have | mercy · up- | on — | us.

28 O Lord, let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us ||
as our | trust — | is in | Thee.

29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted || *let me*
| nev-er | be con- | founded.

905

1 BLESSED be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el ||
for He hath *visited* | and re- | deem-ed
His | people :

2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion
| for us || in the *house* | of His | servant
David;

3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly
| Prophets || which have *been* | since the
| world be- | gan ;

4 That we should be *saved* | from our | ene-
mies || and from the *hand* of | all that
| hate — | us ;

5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our
fore- | fathers || and to remember His
| ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant ;

6 To perform the oath which He sware to
our forefather | A-bra- | ham || *that*
| He would | give — | us ;

7 That we being delivered out of the *hand*
of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* |
Him with- | out — | fear ;

8 In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore
Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.

9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Prophet*
| of the | Highest || for thou shalt go
before the face of the *Lord* | to pre-
| pare His | ways ;

10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto ·
His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of
their | sins,

11 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God ||
whereby the day-spring *from* on | high
hath | visit- · ed | us ;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness,
and *in* the | shadow · of | death || and
to guide our *feet* | into · the | way of
| peace.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er
| shall be || *world* without | end. — | A-
— | *men*.

906

1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands ||
serve the Lord with gladness, and come
before His | pres-ence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it
is He that hath made us, and not we
ourselves, we are His *people* and the
| sheep of | His — | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanks-
giving, and *into* His | courts with |
praise || be thankful unto *Him* and
| speak good | of His | Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mercy* is |
ev-er- | lasting || and His truth endureth
from *gener-* | ation · to | *gen-er-* | ation.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ever
 | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A-
 — | *men*.

907

HO-LY, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God of Hosts ;
 Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo-ry,
 Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord most High.

908

1 O SING unto the *Lord* a | new — | song ||
 for *He* hath | done — | mar-vellous |
 things.

2 With His own right hand and *with* His
 | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten · Him-
 self the | victory.

3 The Lord declared | His sal- | vation || His
 righteousness hath He openly *showed* in
 the | sight — | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth
 toward the | house of | Israel || and all
 the ends of the world have *seen* the
 sal- | va-tion | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all
 ye | lands || *sing* re- | joice and | give —
 | thanks.

6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing
 to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks-
 — | giving.

7 With *trumpets* | also · and | shawms || O
 show yourselves *joyful* be- | fore the |
 Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that |
 there-in | is || the round *world* and
 | they that | dwell there- | in.

- 9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord || *for* He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.
- 10 With righteousness shall He | judge the | world || *and* the | peo-ple | with — | equity.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end.— | A— | *men*.

909

- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance, *and* be | merci- · ful | un-to | us;
- 2 That Thy way may be *known* up- | on — | earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and *govern* the | nations · up- | on — | earth.
- 5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God* shall | give — | us His | blessing.
- 7 * *God* | shall — | bless us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-
 er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

910

1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto ·
 the | Lord || and to sing praises unto
 Thy *Name* | O — | Most — | Highest.

2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in
 the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in
 the | night- — | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten *strings* and
 up- | on the | lute || upon a loud in-
 strument | and up- | on the | harp.

4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* |
 through Thy | works || and I will re-
 joice in giving *praise* for the oper-
 | a-tions | of Thy | hands.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-
 er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

911

1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all
 that is within me | praise His | ho-ly
 | Name.

2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || *and* for- |
 get not | all His | benefits ;

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and *healeth*
 | all — | thine in- | firmities ;

4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction
 || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and
 | lov-ing- | kindness ;

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye*
 that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that
 fulfil His commandment, and hearken
 unto the | voice — | of His | word.

6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye
servants of | His that | do His | pleas-
 ure.

7 *O speak good of the Lord, all ye works
 of His, in all *places* of | His do- | min-
 ion || praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my
 | soul.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son, ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-
 er | shall be || *world* without | end. —
 | A- — | men.

912

1 My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord || and
 my spirit *hath* re- | joiced · in | God
 my | Saviour.

2 *For* He | hath re- | garded || the *lowli-* | ness
 of | His hand- | maiden.

3 *For* be- | hold from | henceforth || all *gen-*
 er- | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is *mighty* hath | magni- · fied
 | me || *and* | ho-ly | is His | name.

5 And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear
 Him || *through-* | out all | gen-er- | a-
 tions.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm
 || He hath scattered the proud in the
 imagin- | a-tion | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their
 | seat || and *hath* ex- | alted · the |
 humble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the *hungry* | with good |
 things || and the *rich* He hath | sent
 — | empty · a- | way.

9 * He remembering His mercy hath holpen
 His *servant* | Is-ra- | el || as He pro-
 mised to our forefathers, *Abraham* |
 and his | seed for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-
 er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

913

1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy *servant* de- |
 part in | peace || *ac-* | cord-ing | to Thy
 | word.

2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen || *Thy* | — sal-
 | va- — | tion,

3 *Which* Thou | hast pre- | pared || *before* the
 | face of | all — | people ;

4 To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles ||
 and to be the glory of Thy | peo-ple |
 Is-ra- | el.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

* Last half of Double Chant.

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-
 er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
 A- — | *men*.

914

BEFORE THE ADMINISTRATION.

- 1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting
 to everlasting upon | them that | fear
 Him || And His righteousness | un-to |
 children's | children.
- 2 To *such* as | keep His | cove-*nant* || And to
 those that remember *His* com- | mand-
 ments to | do — | them.
- 3 Suffer the little children to come unto *Me*
 and for- | bid them | not || *For* of |
 such · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.
- 4 For the promise is unto *you* and | to your
 | children || And to all that are afar
 off, even as many as the | Lord our |
 God shall | call.

AFTER THE ADMINISTRATION.

- 5 Then will I *sprinkle* clean | water · up- | on
 you || And | ye shall | be — | clean :
- 6 A new heart also | will I | give you || And
 a new spirit | will I | put with- | in
 you,
- 7 And I will take away the stony *heart* | out
 of · your | flesh || And *I* will | give ·
 you a | heart of | flesh.
- 8 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed ||
And my | blessing · up- | on thine | off-
 spring :
- 9 And they shall spring *up* as a- | mong the
 | grass || As willows | by the | wa-*ter*-
 | courses.

915

- 1 THE *Lord* | is my | shepherd || *I* | shall — |
not— | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie *down* in | green —
| pastures || He leadeth *me* be- | side
the | still — | waters.
- 3 *He* re- | storeth · my | soul || He leadeth me
in the paths of righteousness | for His
| name's — | sake.
- 4 Yea though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of *death* I will | fear no
| evil || for Thou art with me; Thy *rod*
and Thy | staff they | com-fort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence | of mine | enemies || Thou an-
ointest my head with *oil* my | cup — |
run-neth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the *days* | of my | life || and I will
dwell in the *house* | of the | Lord for-
| ever.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ever
| shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A — | *men*.

916

- 1 OUT of the deep have I called unto *Thee*
O | Lord || *Lord* hear my | voice.
- 2 O let Thine ears consider | well || the voice
of *my* com- | plaint.

- 3 If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark
what is *done* a- | miss || O Lord, who
may a- | bide it.
- 4 For there is *mercy* with | Thee || therefore
shalt *Thou* be | feared.
- 5 I look for the Lord, my soul doth *wait*
for | Him || in His *word* is my | trust.
- 6 My soul *fleeth* unto the | Lord || before the
morning watch, I say before the *morn-*
ing | watch.
- 7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the
Lord there is | mercy || and with Him
is *plenteous* re- | demption.
- 8 And He shall *redeem* Isra- | el || from *all*
his sins.
- Glory be to the *Father*, and to the | Son ||
and to the *Holy* | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is now, and *ever*
shall be || world without *end*. A- | men.

917

- 1 BLESSED are the | poor in | spirit || *for* |
theirs · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.
- 2 Blessed are | they that | mourn || *for* |
they — | shall be | comforted.
- 3 Blessed | are the | meek || *for* | they · shall
in- | herit · the | earth.
- 4 Blessed are they which do hunger and
thirst after | right-eous- | ness || *for* |
they — | shall be | filled.
- 5 Blessed are the | mer-ci- | ful || *for* | they ·
shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
- 6 Blessed are the | pure in | heart || *for* | they
shall | see — | God.

- 7 *Blessed* are the | peace- — | makers || for
they shall be *called* the | children | of
— | God.
- 8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for |
righteous- · ness' | sake || *for* | theirs · is
the | kingdom · of | heaven.
- 9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile *you*
and | perse- · cute | you || and shall say
all manner of evil *against* you | false-
ly | for my | sake.
- 10 Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great
is *your* re- | ward in | heaven || for so
persecuted *they* the | prophets · which |
were be- | fore you.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son ||
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-
er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | *men*.

918

- 1 OUR *Father* which | art in | heaven! || *Hal-*
lowed | be — | Thy — | name.
- 2 *Thy* | kingdom | come || Thy will be done
in *earth* | as it | is in | heaven.
- 3 Give us this *day* our | daily | bread || and
forgive us our *debts* as | we for- | give
our | debtors.
- 4 And lead us *not* | into · temp- | tation || *but*
de- | liv-er | us from | evil :
- 5 For Thine is the kingdom and the | power ·
and the | glory || *for* | ever. | A- — | *men*.

919

1—9 LORD, have *mercy* up-on us, and incline
our *hearts* to keep this law.

10 Lord, have *mercy* up-on us, and write
all these Thy laws in our *hearts* we
beseech Thee.

920

To do good, to do good, and to distribute,
forget not ;

For with such sacrifices, God is well pleased.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his
brother have need, and shutteth up his
compassion from him : How dwelleth the
love of God in him ?

Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy
face from any poor man, and then the
face of the Lord shall not be turned
away from thee.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE ALMS.

All things *come* of Thee, O Lord ; and of
Thine *own* have we given Thee. *Amen.*

921

GLORY be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son
|| *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er
| shall be || *world* without | end. — | A-
| *men.*

Dorologies.

1 Gloria Patri.
See Chant No. 921.

2 L. M.
See Hymn No. 1.

3 L. M. 6l.
To GOD the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
I. Watts.

4 L. M. 8l.
ALL might and wisdom, Lord ! are Thine :
From age to age Thy splendors shine,
Thy righteousness, Thy radiant grace —
Eternal light Thy dwelling-place.
O God — the Father and the Son
And Spirit — Holy, Mighty, One !
We praise, we bless Thee, and adore :
To Thee, all glory evermore !
R. G. Greene.

5 C. M.
To FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.
Tate and Brady.

6 C. M. 8l.
LET thrones and powers in heaven give praise;
Let earth, with glad accord,
Thy Name exalt to endless days,
Who art the only Lord.

O Holy, Blessed, Mighty One,
 Thou God whom we adore ;
 To Thee, all glory ! — Father, Son,
 And Spirit — evermore.

R. G. Greene.

7

S. M.

ETERNAL, Holy Lord !
 Thy Name we glorify —
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost —
 Jehovah, God Most High.

R. G. Greene.

8

H. M. or 6,6,6,6,8,8.

O BLESSED, Holy One !
 All worship, praise, and Love,
 To Thee — the Father, Son,
 And Spirit — God above !
 Let earth and heaven with one accord
 Sing Thine eternal glory, Lord.

R. G. Greene.

9

6s,4s. 7l.

O GOD, most Glorious One —
 The Father and the Son
 And Spirit — blest !
 To Thee whom we adore,
 Who wast all worlds before,
 And shalt be evermore,
 Be praise addressed.

R. G. Greene.

10

7s,6s. 8l.

O MIGHTY God and Holy,
 Fount of unchanging grace,
 Whose mercy ever shineth —
 The brightness of Thy face ;
 To Thee, all praise and glory,
 Thou God of love and might !
 The Father, Son, and Spirit —
 Thou uncreated Light !

R. G. Greene.

11

7s.

THEE, Eternal God, Most High,
Thee we laud and magnify ;
Glorious o'er the heavenly host —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

R. G. Greene.

12

8s, 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Anon.

13

8s, 7s. 6l.

PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One ;
One in might and one in glory
While eternal ages run.

J. M. Neale.

14

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One :
Glory, Glory,
While eternal ages run.

H. Bonar.

15

10s.

O FATHER and Son and Spirit, above —
Thou God only One ! to Thee be all love :
From earth and from heavén, all glory to
Thee,
As ever was givén and ever shall be.

R. G. Greene.

The Lord's Prayer

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME, THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

Also No. 918 set to a chant.

The Commandments

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. — Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. — Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. — Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will

not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV. — Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. — Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. — Thou shalt not kill.

VII. — Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. — Thou shalt not steal.

IX. — Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. — Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Musical responses No. 919.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

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